SUPERMAN • NATIONAL COMICS • DC
10¢
JULY NO. 56

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THE FOX and the CROW

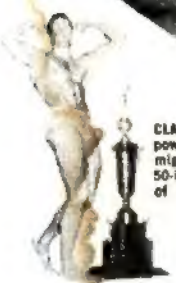
THE $10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!

MY GUARANTEE! Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than **Half The Time** it would take if you followed any other method.

"The Muscle Builder"
"Trainer of The Champions"

"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

CLANCY ROSS, world's best developed man, says: "You can be a mountain of mighty muscles — with power oozing out of every pore in your power-packed, jet-charged body! Do what I did — what thousands of other Herculean Weider-trained champions did — follow Weider as your leader — mail that coupon for your **FREE TRIAL COURSE TODAY!**



CLANCY ROSS: Mass of power-laden muscles — mighty 20-inch arms, 50-inch chest, shoulders of iron a yard wide!

ONLY 7 SHORT WEEKS TO THAT DYNAMIC, RUGGED HE-MAN BODY YOU ALWAYS WANTED

ADD 3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS...
4 "POWER PACKED" INCHES OF MUSCLES TO YOUR CHEST!

Says JOE WEIDER, "The Muscle Builder" and "Trainer of the Champions"

IN half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add Jet-Charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also . . . help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Ross, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.

A-C-T-I-O-N

IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH! MAKE YOUR FIRST HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

Don't miss this once-in-a lifetime opportunity

LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING I SAY CAN BE DONE!

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my GIANT 48 page course, filled with exercises, training secrets, Heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only to males between 13 and 65 in normal good health.

NOTHING TO BUY! YES, THAT'S RIGHT!

AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER

JOE WEIDER **Dept. 80-69A**
803 Palisade Avenue, Union City, N. J.

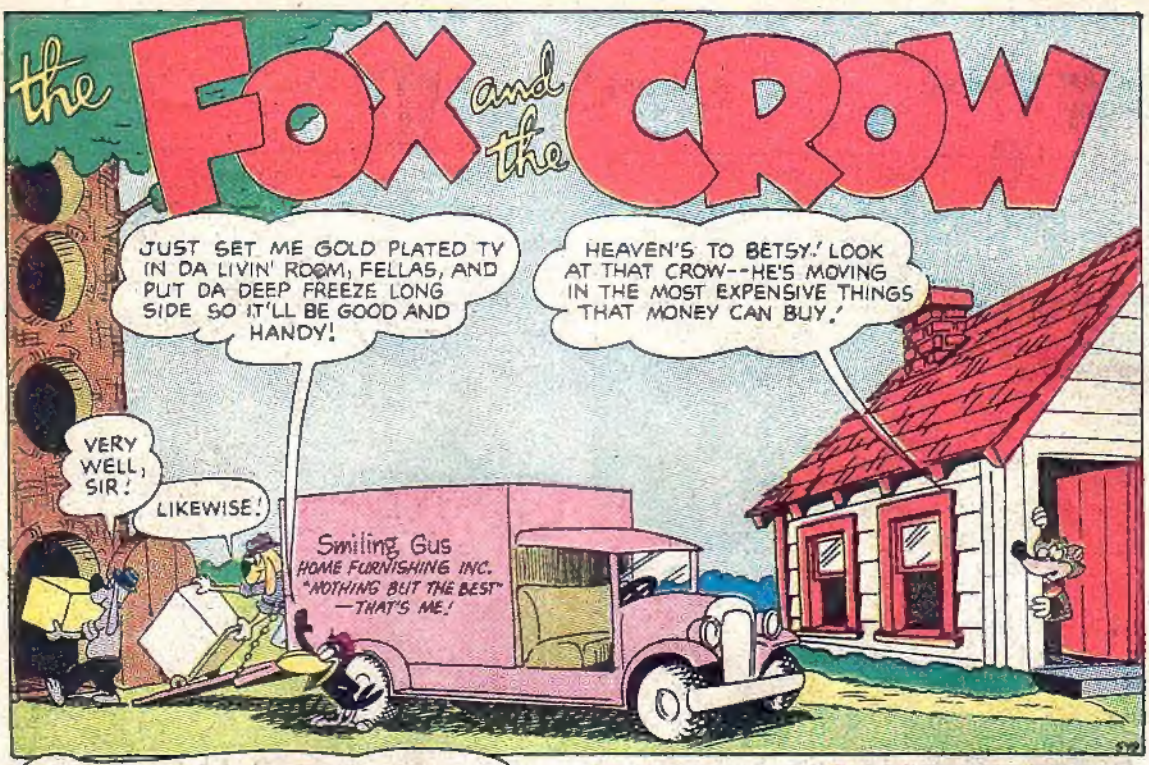
Shoot the works, Joe! Rush me my **FREE** INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE. (I enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.) I am under no obligation.

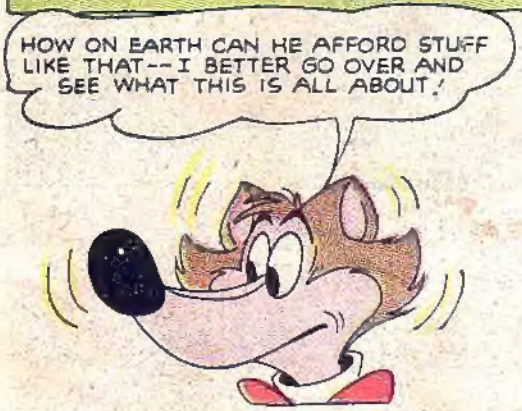
NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

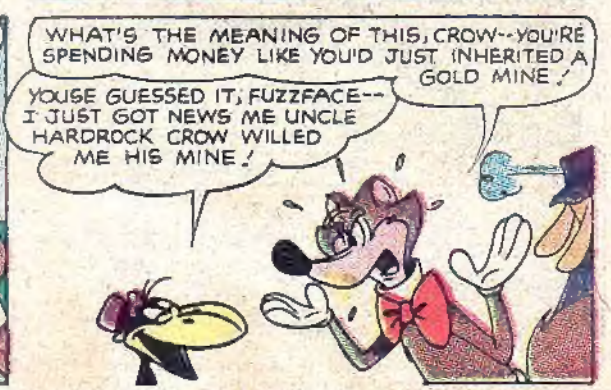
CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

CANADIAN RESIDENTS: Send to Above Adress. No Duty Charges Involved.


the FOX and the CROW
JUST SET ME GOLD PLATED TV IN DA LIVIN' ROOM, FELLAS, AND PUT DA DEEP FREEZE LONG SIDE SO IT'LL BE GOOD AND HANDY!
HEAVEN'S TO BETSY! LOOK AT THAT CROW--HE'S MOVING IN THE MOST EXPENSIVE THINGS THAT MONEY CAN BUY!
VERY WELL, SIR!
LIKEWISE!
Smiling Gus
HOME FURNISHING INC.
"NOTHING BUT THE BEST"
—THAT'S ME!



SIGN RIGHT HERE, MR. CROW, AND YOU WILL RECEIVE YER BILL AT THE END OF THE MONTH!
SURE THING, BUDDY--AND WHEN I THINK A' SUMPTIN' ELSE I WANT, I'LL GIVE YA A CALL!
?


WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, CROW--YOU'RE SPENDING MONEY LIKE YOU'D JUST INHERITED A GOLD MINE!
YOUSE GUESSED IT, FUZZFACE--I JUST GOT NEWS ME UNCLE HARDROCK CROW WILLED ME HIS MINE!

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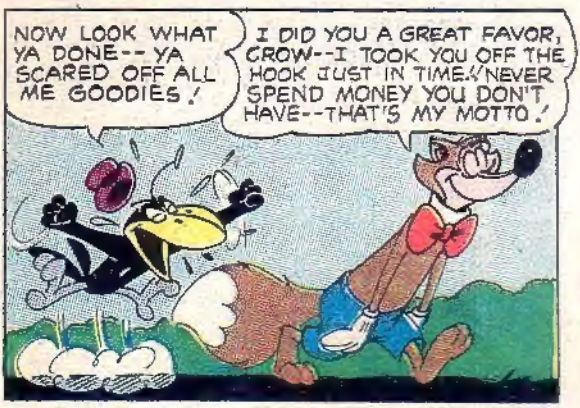
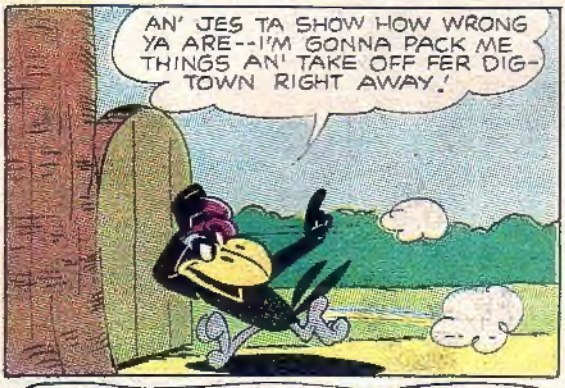
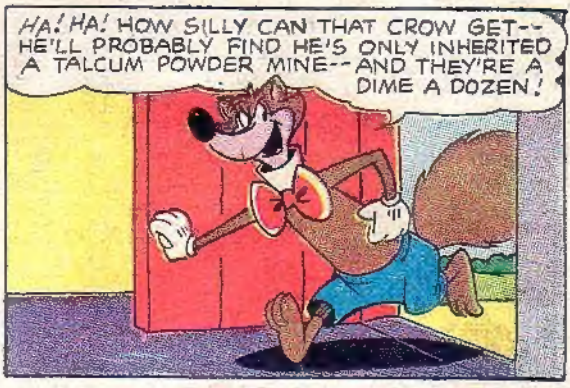
YOU DON'T SAY? ARE YOU SURE IT'S A GOLD MINE?
OF COURSE IT'S A GOLD MINE--WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE!?
WHY THERE ARE ALL SORTS OF MINES--LEAD MINES--ZINC MINES--HA!HA! COULD BE YOUR UNCLE LEFT YOU NOTHING BUT A SALT MINE!
HMM! I HADN'T T'OUGHT A' DAT!
MAYBE I BETTER READ DA FINE PRINT IN UNCLE HARDROCK'S WILL!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, CROW!
IT ONLY SAYS DA MINE IS LOCATED IN DIGTOWN, NEVADA --IT DOESN'T SAY A WORD 'BOUT WHAT KINDA MINE IT IS!
IN THAT CASE, CROW, I THINK YOU'RE COUNTING YOUR GOLD NUGGETS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED.
UH-OH!
STAND BACK, BUB--I'D LIKE A WORD WITH THIS CROW!
WHAT'S ALL THIS I HEAR ABOUT THAT GOLD MINE OF YOURS MAY BE A PHONEY??
WELL--I--ER--AH--DAT IS--I--ER--
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TA KNOW!
COME ON, MACK--WE'RE GONNA LOAD ALL THAT STUFF BACK INTO THE TRUCK!
2
So...
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO FALL FOR YOUR LINE, BIRDBRAIN--FROM NOW ON OUT YOU AND ME WILL DEAL STRICTLY IN CASH!
YESSIR!
Smiling Gus
HOME FURNISHING
"NOTHING BUT THE BE
—THAT'S ME

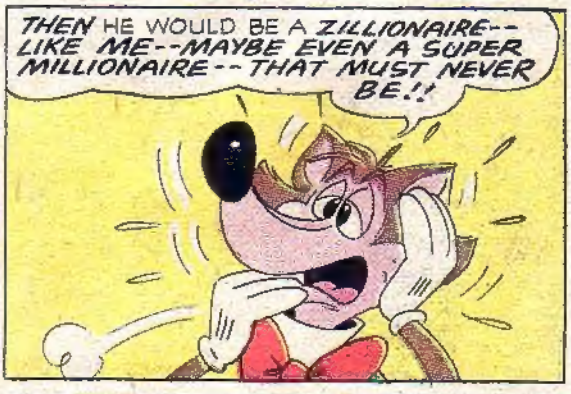

NOW LOOK WHAT YA DONE-- YA SCARED OFF ALL ME GOODIES!
I DID YOU A GREAT FAVOR, CROW--I TOOK YOU OFF THE HOOK JUST IN TIME! NEVER SPEND MONEY YOU DON'T HAVE--THAT'S MY MOTTO!

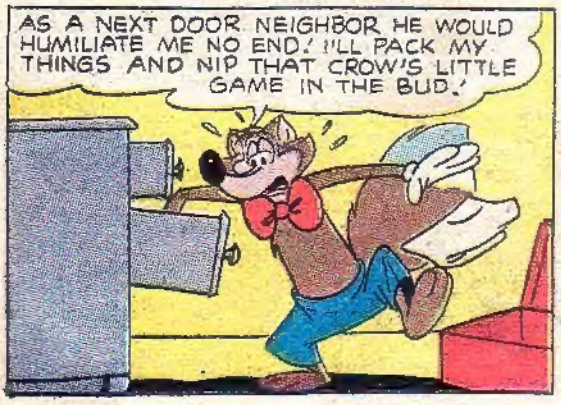
OH YEAH?! WELL, YA CAN'T PROVE ME GOLD MINE AIN'T FER REAL--COULD BE I'M WORTH A ZILLION DOLLARS!

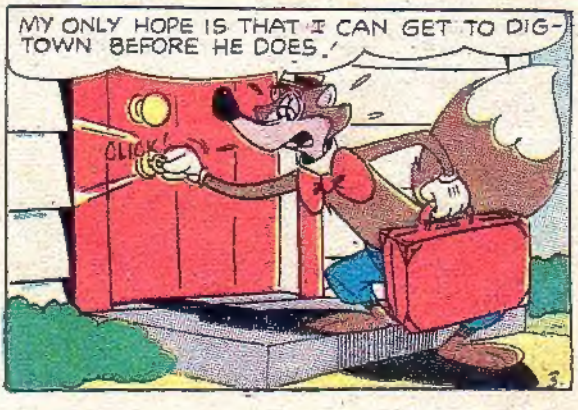

AN' JES TA SHOW HOW WRONG YA ARE--I'M GONNA PACK ME THINGS AN' TAKE OFF FER DIG-TOWN RIGHT AWAY!


HA! HA! HOW SILLY CAN THAT CROW GET-- HE'LL PROBABLY FIND HE'S ONLY INHERITED A TALCUM POWDER MINE--AND THEY'RE A DIME A DOZEN!

BUT WHAT IF IT DOES TURN OUT TO BE A REAL-HONEST-TO-GOODNESS-GOLD MINE?? SUCH THINGS DO EXIST, YOU KNOW!--

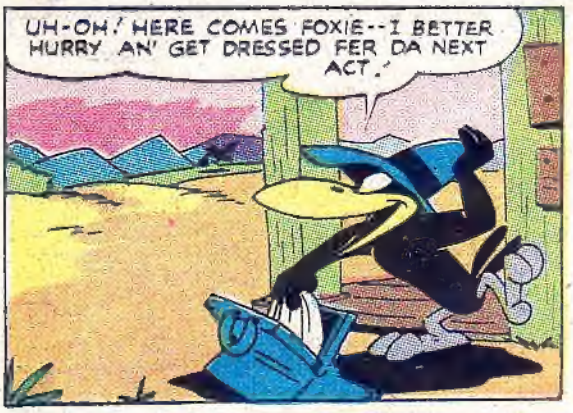

THEN HE WOULD BE A ZILLIONAIRE-- LIKE ME--MAYBE EVEN A SUPER MILLIONAIRE--THAT MUST NEVER BE!!

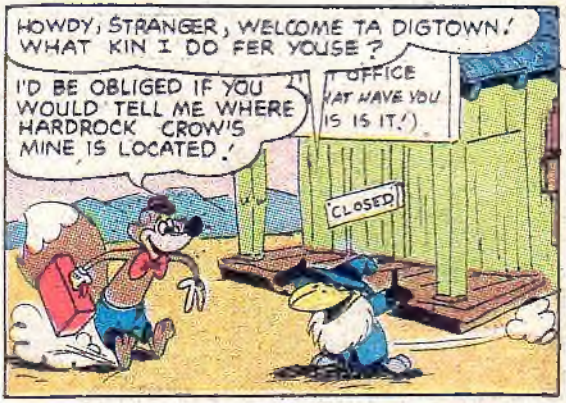

AS A NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR HE WOULD HUMILIATE ME NO END! I'LL PACK MY THINGS AND NIP THAT CROW'S LITTLE GAME IN THE BUD!

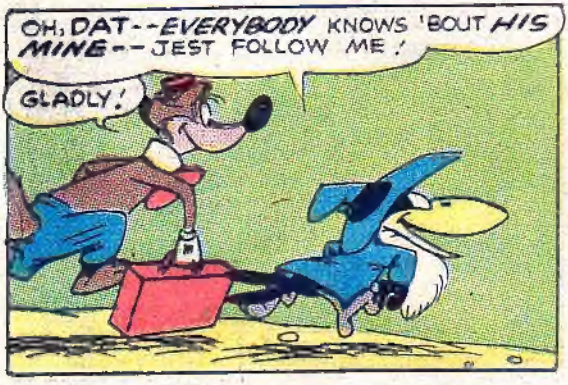

MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT I CAN GET TO DIG-TOWN BEFORE HE DOES!
CLICK!

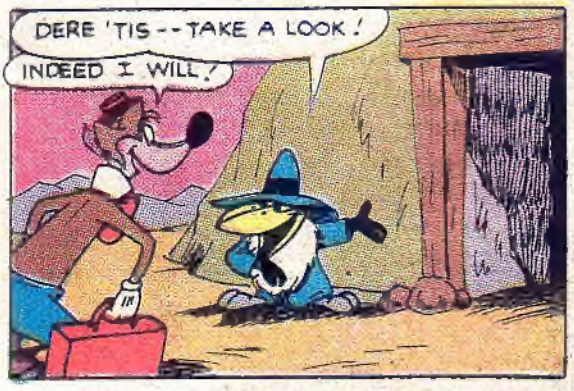
BUT THAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD BECAUSE I'M A VERY FAST FOX.!
HEY.! LOOK AT DAT FOXIE GO-GO-GO.!! ... HMM... I WONDER WHERE HE'S GOIN' TA IN SUCH A HURRY.!
WOW.! AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW.!!--HE'S TRYIN' TA GET TA DIGTOWN BEFORE ME SO HE CAN FIND OUT WHAT KINDA MINE I INHERITED.!!
WELL, IF HE THINKS HE KIN BEAT ME HE'S GOT ANNUDDER THINK COMIN'--I'LL PACK ME THINGS AN' SHOW HIM A THING OR TWO!
HE FORGETS I ALLUS GO PLACES AS DA CROW FLIES--BY DA SHORT-SHORT CUT.!!
AN' HERE I GO--A CROW-TYPE SPUTNIK.!
ZOOP
SO... AND HERE I AM--I'LL BET FOXIE HASN'T EVEN PASSED OVER DA STATE LINE YET.!
DIGTOWN CITY LIMITS POPULATION 0
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW--LOOKS LIKE DIS TOWN HAS GONE OUTA BUSINESS.!
DIGTOWN GENERAL STORE HOTEL POST OFFICE AN WHAT HAVE YOU (THIS IS IT.!)
CLOSED

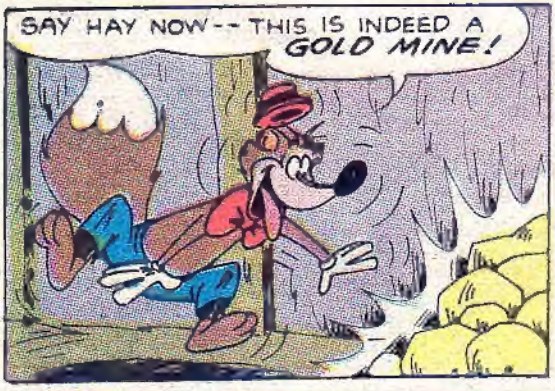
IF I'M GONNA FIND ME MINE I GUESS I'LL HAVE TA GET ON DA BALL!
OH BOY! HERE 'TIS!!
HARD LUCK MINE
NO TRESSPASSING —THIS MEANS YOU
HARDROCK CROW PROPRIERTOR
GANGWAY--HERE I COME!
LOVE DAT JINGLE-JANGLE--I'LL FIND GOLD FER SURE!
WHAM!
UH-OH-DIS STUFF DON'T LOOK LIKE NUTTIN' BUT JES' PLAIN OL' ROCK--NO WONDER UNCLE HARDROCK WILLED DIS JUNK PILE TA ME!
BUT I AIN'T OUTA BUSINESS YET--I CAME PREPARED FER JES' SUCH AN EMERGENCY!
WIT' DIS GOLD PAINT I'LL MAKE ME OWN GOLD MINE!
GOLD PAINT
TA FOOL FOXIE WITH--DAT IS!

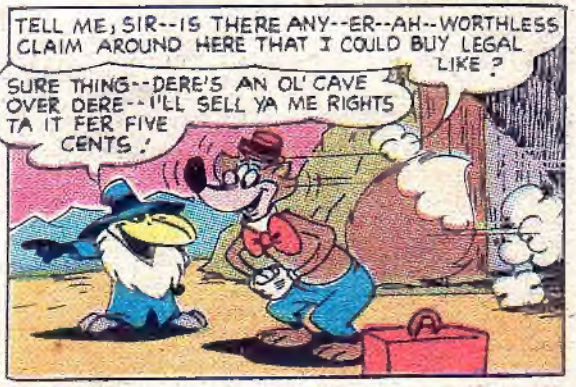

UH-OH! HERE COMES FOXIE--I BETTER HURRY AN' GET DRESSED FER DA NEXT ACT.!

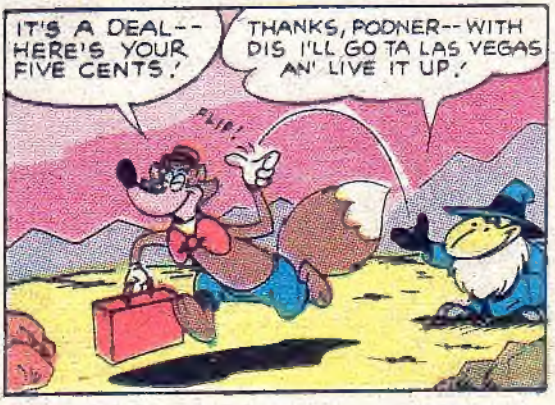

HOWDY, STRANGER, WELCOME TA DIGTOWN! WHAT KIN I DO FER YOUSE?
I'D BE OBLIGED IF YOU WOULD TELL ME WHERE HARDROCK CROW'S MINE IS LOCATED.!
(OFFICE AT HAVE YOU IS IS IT.!)
CLOSED

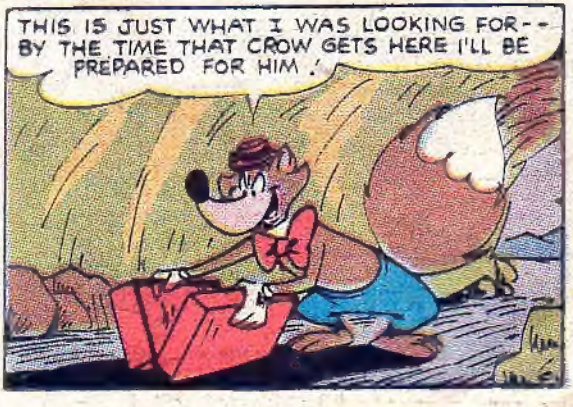

OH, DAT--EVERYBODY KNOWS 'BOUT HIS MINE--JEST FOLLOW ME!
GLADLY!


DERE 'TIS--TAKE A LOOK!
INDEED I WILL!

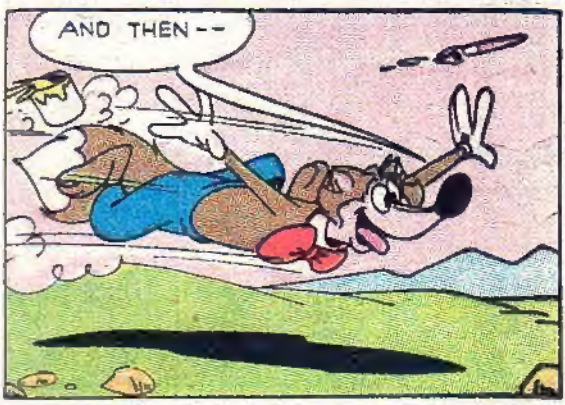

SAY HAY NOW--THIS IS INDEED A GOLD MINE!

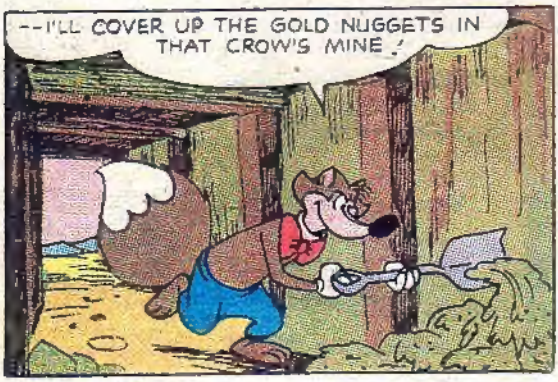

TELL ME, SIR--IS THERE ANY--ER--AH--WORTHLESS CLAIM AROUND HERE THAT I COULD BUY LEGAL LIKE?
SURE THING--DERE'S AN OL' CAVE OVER DERE--I'LL SELL YA ME RIGHTS TA IT FER FIVE CENTS!


IT'S A DEAL--HERE'S YOUR FIVE CENTS!
THANKS, PODNER--WITH DIS I'LL GO TA LAS VEGAS AN' LIVE IT UP!
FLIP!

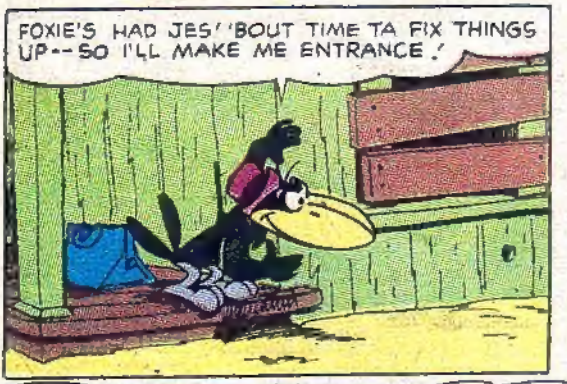

THIS IS JUST WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR--BY THE TIME THAT CROW GETS HERE I'LL BE PREPARED FOR HIM!

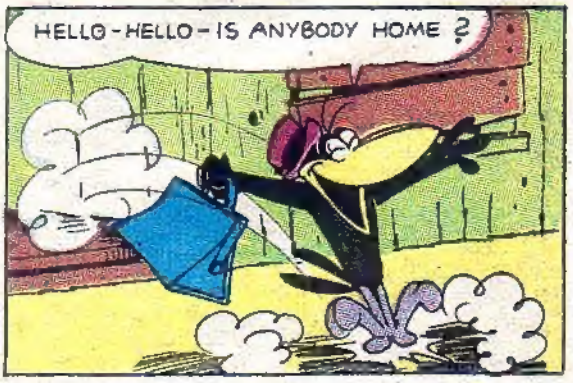
FIRST I'LL GILT THESE STALACTITES!
GILT
PAINT


AND THEN--

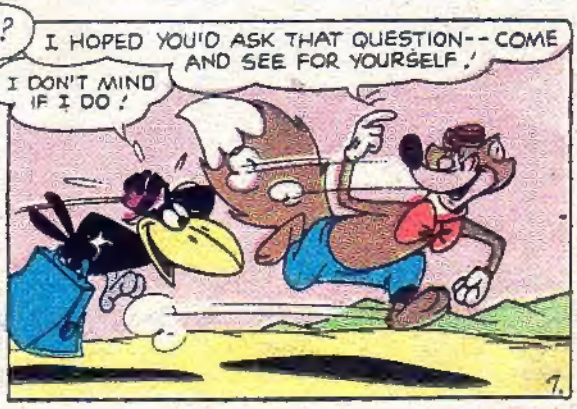

--I'LL COVER UP THE GOLD NUGGETS IN THAT CROW'S MINE!

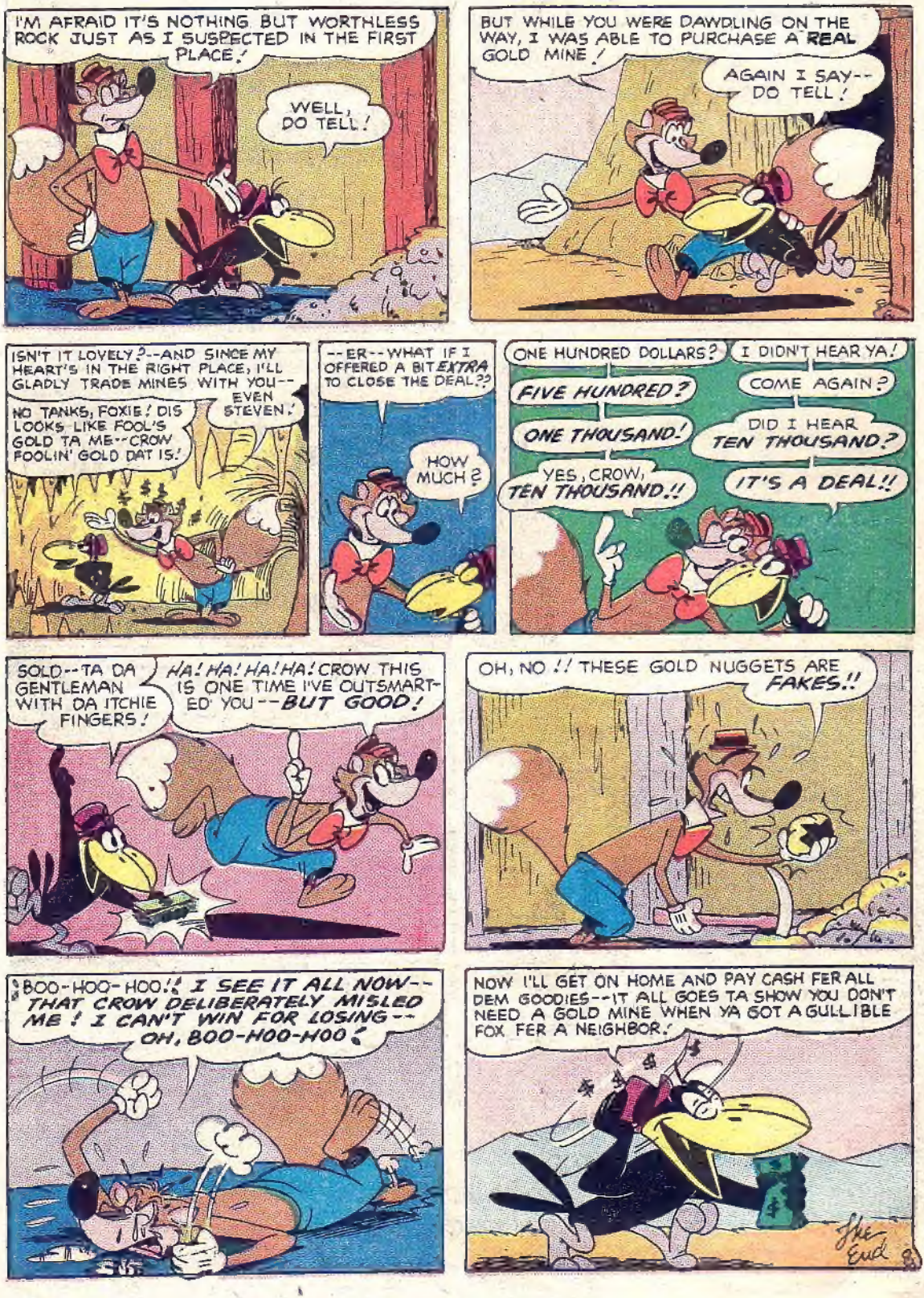
THERE! I'M ALL READY TO WELCOME THAT CROW WHEN HE ARRIVES!


FOXIE'S HAD JES' 'BOUT TIME TA FIX THINGS UP--SO I'LL MAKE ME ENTRANCE!


HELLO-HELLO-IS ANYBODY HOME?

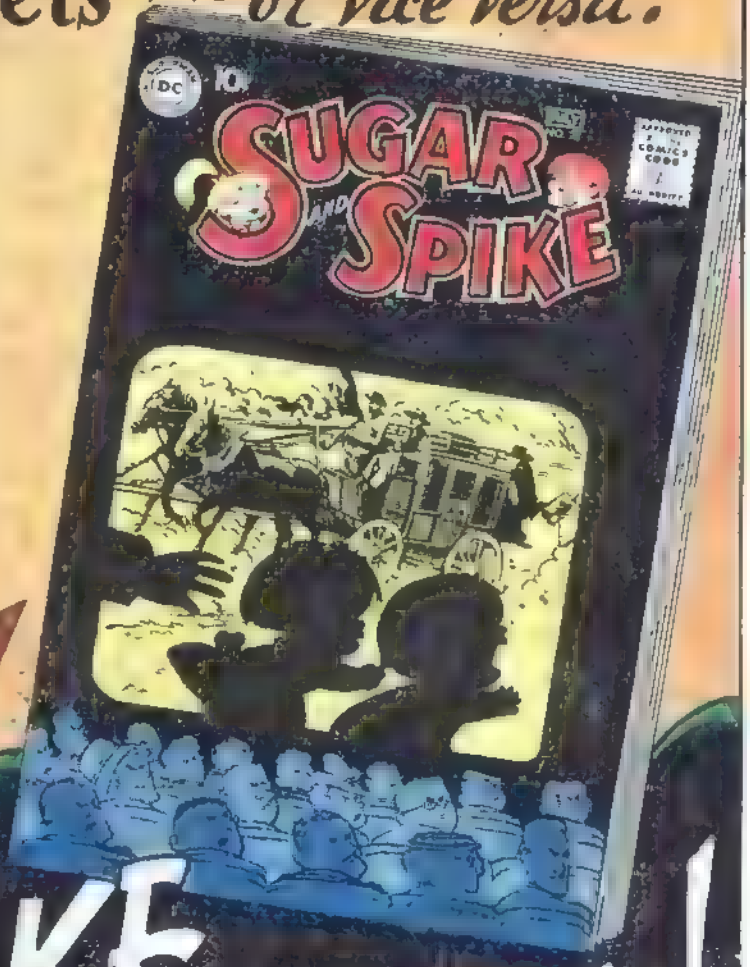
WELCOME TO DIGTOWN, CROW--ARE YOU SURPRISED?
I'M FLABBERGASTED, FOXIE!! AN' I SUPPOSE YA DONE FOUND ME UNCLE HARDROCK'S MINE--IS IT OR AIN'T IT A GOLD MINE?


I HOPED YOU'D ASK THAT QUESTION--COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!
I DON'T MIND IF I DO!


I'M AFRAID IT'S NOTHING BUT WORTHLESS ROCK JUST AS I SUSPECTED IN THE FIRST PLACE!
WELL, DO TELL!
BUT WHILE YOU WERE DAWDLING ON THE WAY, I WAS ABLE TO PURCHASE A REAL GOLD MINE!
AGAIN I SAY-- DO TELL!
ISN'T IT LOVELY?--AND SINCE MY HEART'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE, I'LL GLADLY TRADE MINES WITH YOU-- EVEN STEVEN!
NO TANKS, FOXIE! DIS LOOKS LIKE FOOL'S GOLD TA ME--CROW FOOLIN' GOLD DAT IS!
--ER--WHAT IF I OFFERED A BIT EXTRA TO CLOSE THE DEAL??
HOW MUCH?
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS?
I DIDN'T HEAR YA!
FIVE HUNDRED?
COME AGAIN?
ONE THOUSAND!
DID I HEAR TEN THOUSAND?
YES, CROW, TEN THOUSAND!!
IT'S A DEAL!!
SOLD--TA DA GENTLEMAN WITH DA ITCHIE FINGERS!
HA! HA! HA! HA! CROW THIS IS ONE TIME I'VE OUTSMARTED YOU--BUT GOOD!
OH, NO!! THESE GOLD NUGGETS ARE FAKES!!
BOO-HOO-HOO!! I SEE IT ALL NOW-- THAT CROW DELIBERATELY MISLED ME! I CAN'T WIN FOR LOSING-- OH, BOO-HOO-HOO!
NOW I'LL GET ON HOME AND PAY CASH FER ALL DEM GOODIES--IT ALL GOES TA SHOW YOU DON'T NEED A GOLD MINE WHEN YA GOT A GULLIBLE FOX FER A NEIGHBOR!
The End

Whatever SUGAR wants -- SPIKE gets -- *or vice versa!*

But no matter
WHO gets **WHAT**
YOU
are sure to get
A MILLION LAUGHS
when you meet
this delightfully
different pair of
DYNA-MITES!



You'll LIKE SUGAR AND SPIKE!

SUPERMAN · DC · NATIONAL COMICS

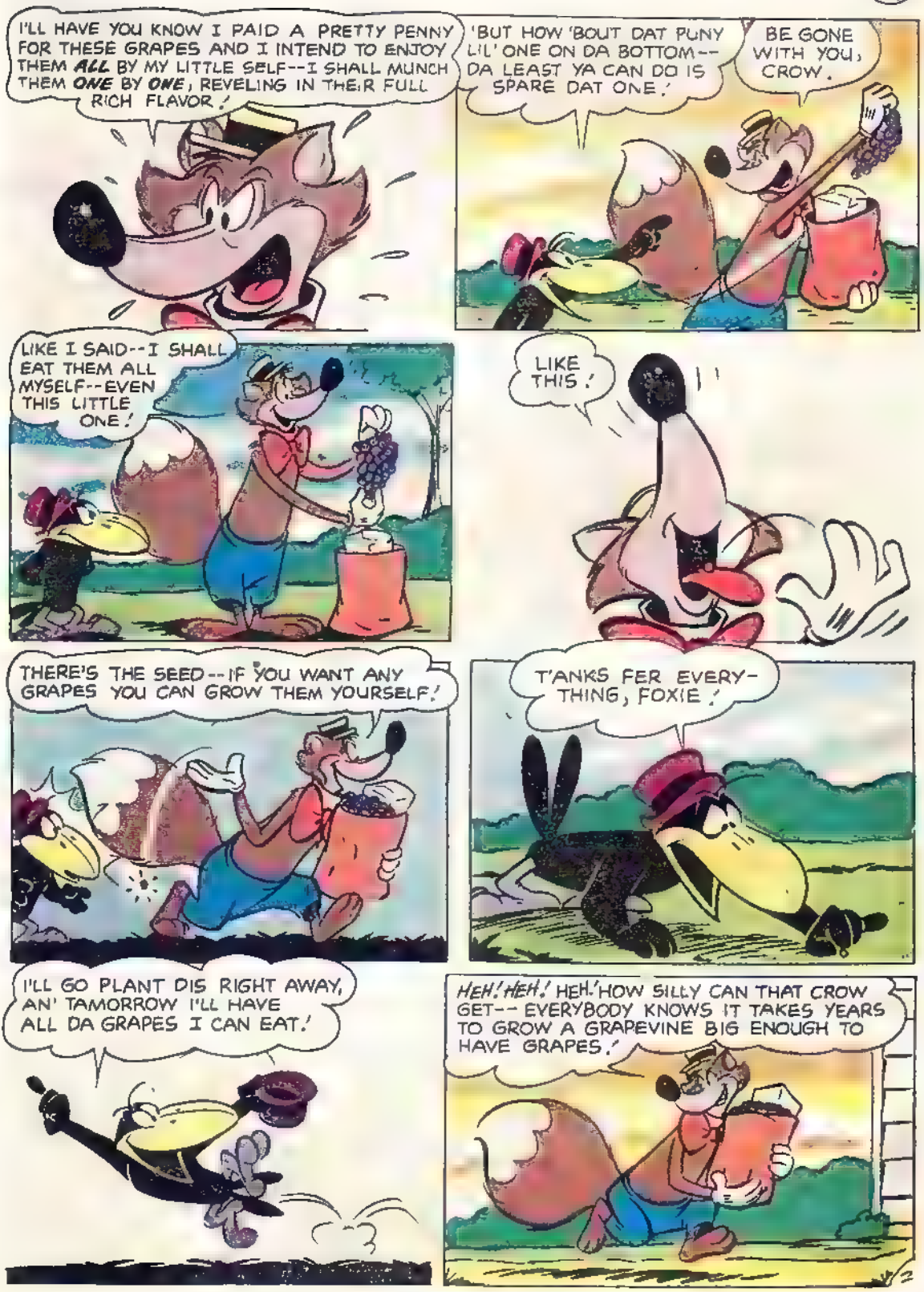
Look for it at your newsstand!

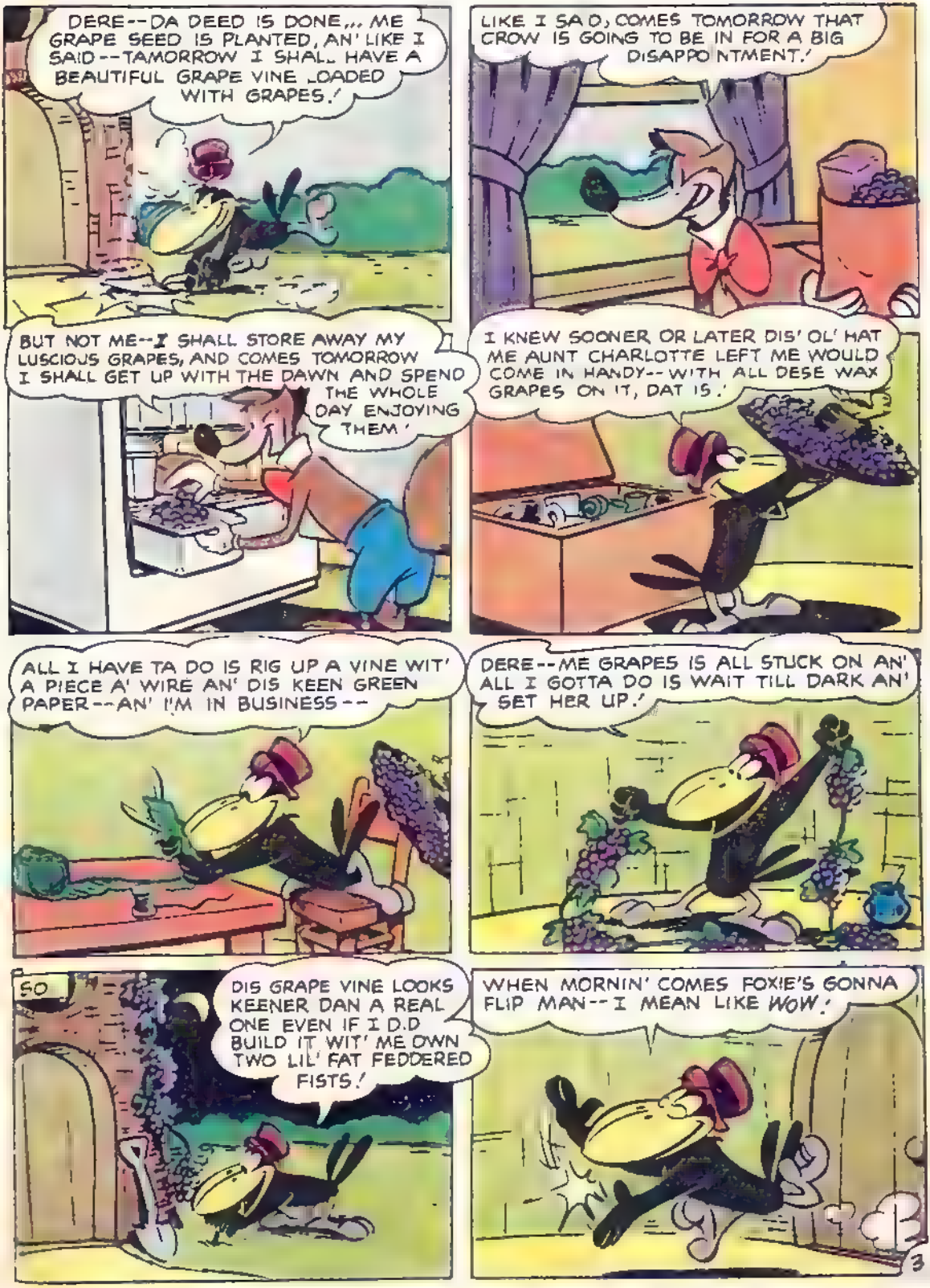
Fred Finds a Way!

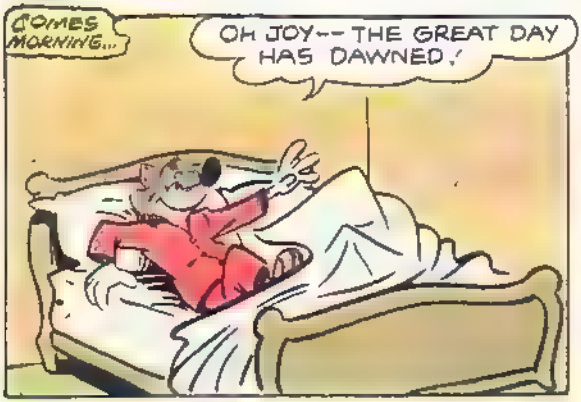
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRED?
AW, I DIDN'T MAKE THE TEAM! COACH SAID I WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH YET...
GOSH, JIMMY, BASEBALL IS MY FAVORITE SPORT! ALL WINTER I'VE BEEN READING UP ABOUT IT AND DREAMING ABOUT GETTING ON THE TEAM!
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, FRED, IT'S MY FAVORITE, TOO, BUT I CAN'T PLAY, EITHER, YOU KNOW. LUCKY I'M GOOD AT FIGURES, SO I CAN BE OFFICIAL SCOREKEEPER.
YOU ARE? GEE, MAYBE I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING!
NEXT WEEK...
HEY, FRED, YOU'RE SOME REPORTER! THIS IS A SWELL WRITE-UP!
YOU KNOW A LOT ABOUT THIS GAME, DON'T YOU, FRED? KEEP IT UP-- THIS IS GOOD STUFF!
THANKS, COACH!
AND THANKS A LOT FOR THE IDEA, PAL!
DON'T MENTION IT, FRED. HOW'S ABOUT THE REPORTER COMING DOWN TO THE DRUGSTORE WITH THE SCOREKEEPER FOR A COKE?

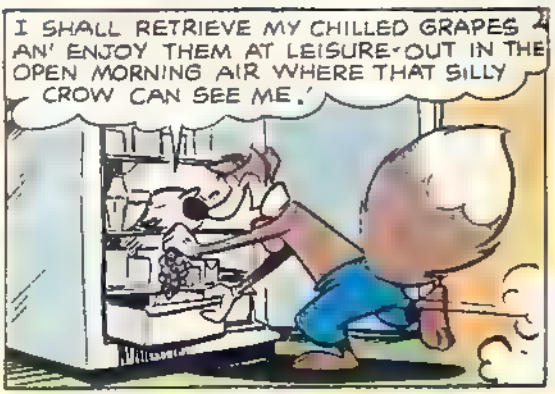
PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE ASSEMBLY, COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U. S.

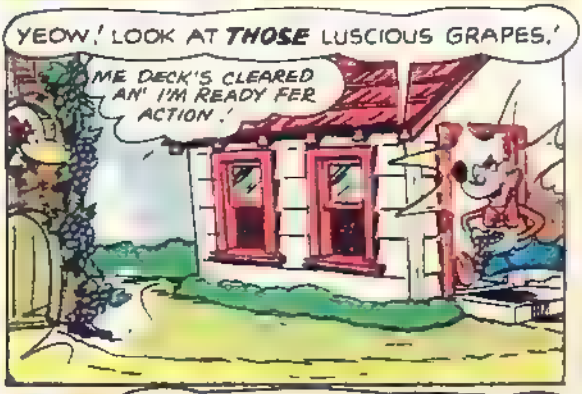
The FOX and the CROW
JOY, OH JOY!! I'M THE MOST FORTUNATE FOX IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!
HERE COMES FOXIE BACK FROM DA MARKET--I WONDER WHAT HE'S SO EXCITED 'BOUT!
WAIT UP, FUZZFACE, AND GIMME DA GLAD NEWS!
ZIP
I WILL, CROW--INDEED, I MOST GLADLY WILL!
I WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO PURCHASE THE SOLE-SINGLE-FIRST-BUNCH-OF-GRAPES OF THE SEASON!
OH, BOY!
GIMME! GIMME! GIMME!
NOT SO FAST, MY FOUL WEATHER FRIEND!

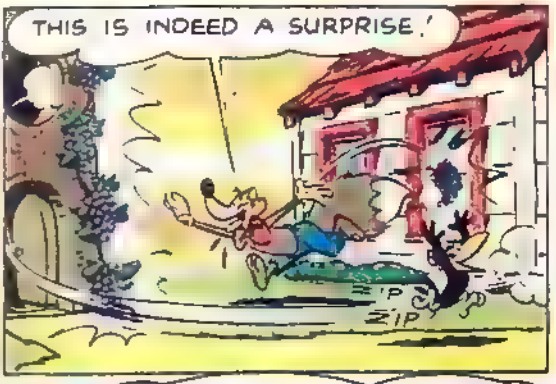

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I PAID A PRETTY PENNY FOR THESE GRAPES AND I INTEND TO ENJOY THEM ALL BY MY LITTLE SELF--I SHALL MUNCH THEM ONE BY ONE, REVELING IN THEIR FULL RICH FLAVOR!
'BUT HOW 'BOUT DAT PUNY LIL' ONE ON DA BOTTOM-- DA LEAST YA CAN DO IS SPARE DAT ONE!'
BE GONE WITH YOU, CROW.
LIKE I SAID--I SHALL EAT THEM ALL MYSELF--EVEN THIS LITTLE ONE!
LIKE THIS!
THERE'S THE SEED--IF YOU WANT ANY GRAPES YOU CAN GROW THEM YOURSELF!
T'ANKS FER EVERY-THING, FOXIE!
I'LL GO PLANT DIS RIGHT AWAY, AN' TAMORROW I'LL HAVE ALL DA GRAPES I CAN EAT!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HOW SILLY CAN THAT CROW GET-- EVERYBODY KNOWS IT TAKES YEARS TO GROW A GRAPEVINE BIG ENOUGH TO HAVE GRAPES!

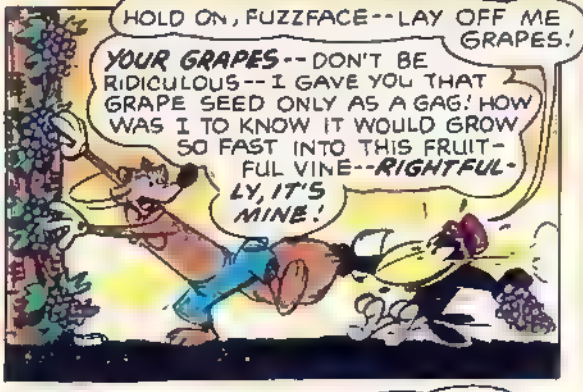

DERE--DA DEED IS DONE,,, ME GRAPE SEED IS PLANTED, AN' LIKE I SAID--TAMORROW I SHALL HAVE A BEAUTIFUL GRAPE VINE LOADED WITH GRAPES.'
LIKE I SAID, COMES TOMORROW THAT CROW IS GOING TO BE IN FOR A BIG DISAPPO NTMENT.'
BUT NOT ME--I SHALL STORE AWAY MY LUSCIOUS GRAPES, AND COMES TOMORROW I SHALL GET UP WITH THE DAWN AND SPEND THE WHOLE DAY ENJOYING THEM'
I KNEW SOONER OR LATER DIS' OL' HAT ME AUNT CHARLOTTE LEFT ME WOULD COME IN HANDY-- WITH ALL DESE WAX GRAPES ON IT, DAT IS.'
ALL I HAVE TA DO IS RIG UP A VINE WIT' A PIECE A' WIRE AN' DIS KEEN GREEN PAPER--AN' I'M IN BUSINESS--
DERE--ME GRAPES IS ALL STUCK ON AN' ALL I GOTTA DO IS WAIT TILL DARK AN' SET HER UP.'
SO
DIS GRAPE VINE LOOKS KEENER DAN A REAL ONE EVEN IF I D.D BUILD IT WIT' ME OWN TWO LIL' FAT FEDDERED FISTS!
WHEN MORNIN' COMES FOXIE'S GONNA FLIP MAN--I MEAN LIKE WOW.'

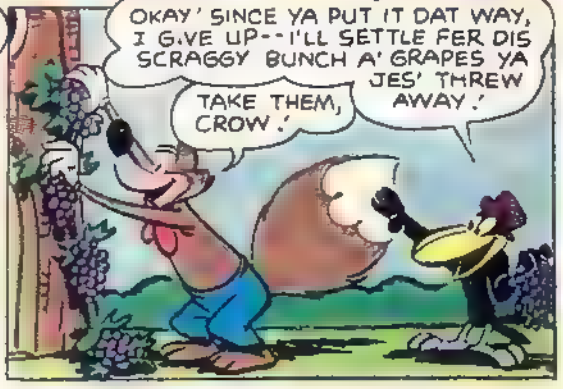

COMES MORNING...
OH JOY-- THE GREAT DAY HAS DAWNED!

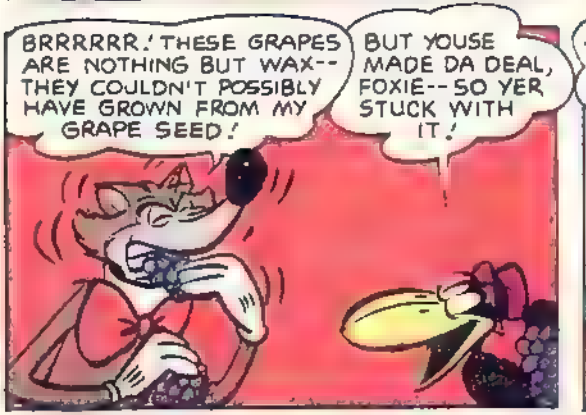

I SHALL RETRIEVE MY CHILLED GRAPES AN' ENJOY THEM AT LEISURE-OUT IN THE OPEN MORNING AIR WHERE THAT SILLY CROW CAN SEE ME.'

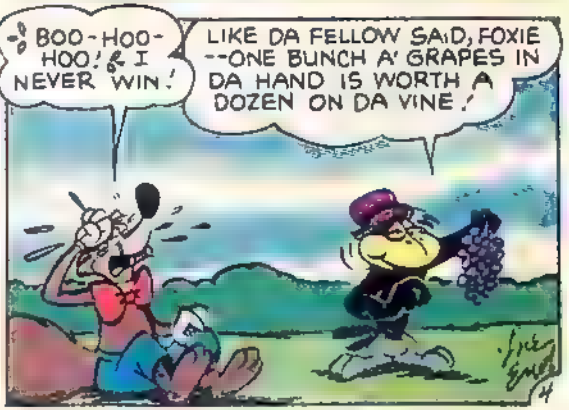

YEOW! LOOK AT THOSE LUSCIOUS GRAPES.'
ME DECK'S CLEARED AN' I'M READY FER ACTION.'


THIS IS INDEED A SURPRISE.'
ZIP


HOLD ON, FUZZFACE--LAY OFF ME GRAPES!
YOUR GRAPES--DON'T BE RIDICULOUS--I GAVE YOU THAT GRAPE SEED ONLY AS A GAG! HOW WAS I TO KNOW IT WOULD GROW SO FAST INTO THIS FRUITFUL VINE--RIGHTFULLY, IT'S MINE!


OKAY' SINCE YA PUT IT DAT WAY, I GIVE UP--I'LL SETTLE FER DIS SCRAGGY BUNCH A' GRAPES YA JES' THREW AWAY!
TAKE THEM, CROW!


BRRRRRR! THESE GRAPES ARE NOTHING BUT WAX--THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE GROWN FROM MY GRAPE SEED!
BUT YOUSE MADE DA DEAL, FOXIE--SO YER STUCK WITH IT!


BOO-HOO-HOO! & I NEVER WIN!
LIKE DA FELLOW SAID, FOXIE --ONE BUNCH A' GRAPES IN DA HAND IS WORTH A DOZEN ON DA VINE!

BE MY GUEST AT THE

CLYDE BEATTY & COLE BROS. COMBINED SHOWS

CIRCUS

at

PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK N.J.

MARCH 27th THRU MAY 10th

EMMETT KELLY

THIS COUPON IS WORTH

90¢

TOTAL VALUE

FREE ADMISSION for 1 child in GENERAL ADMISSION SECTION

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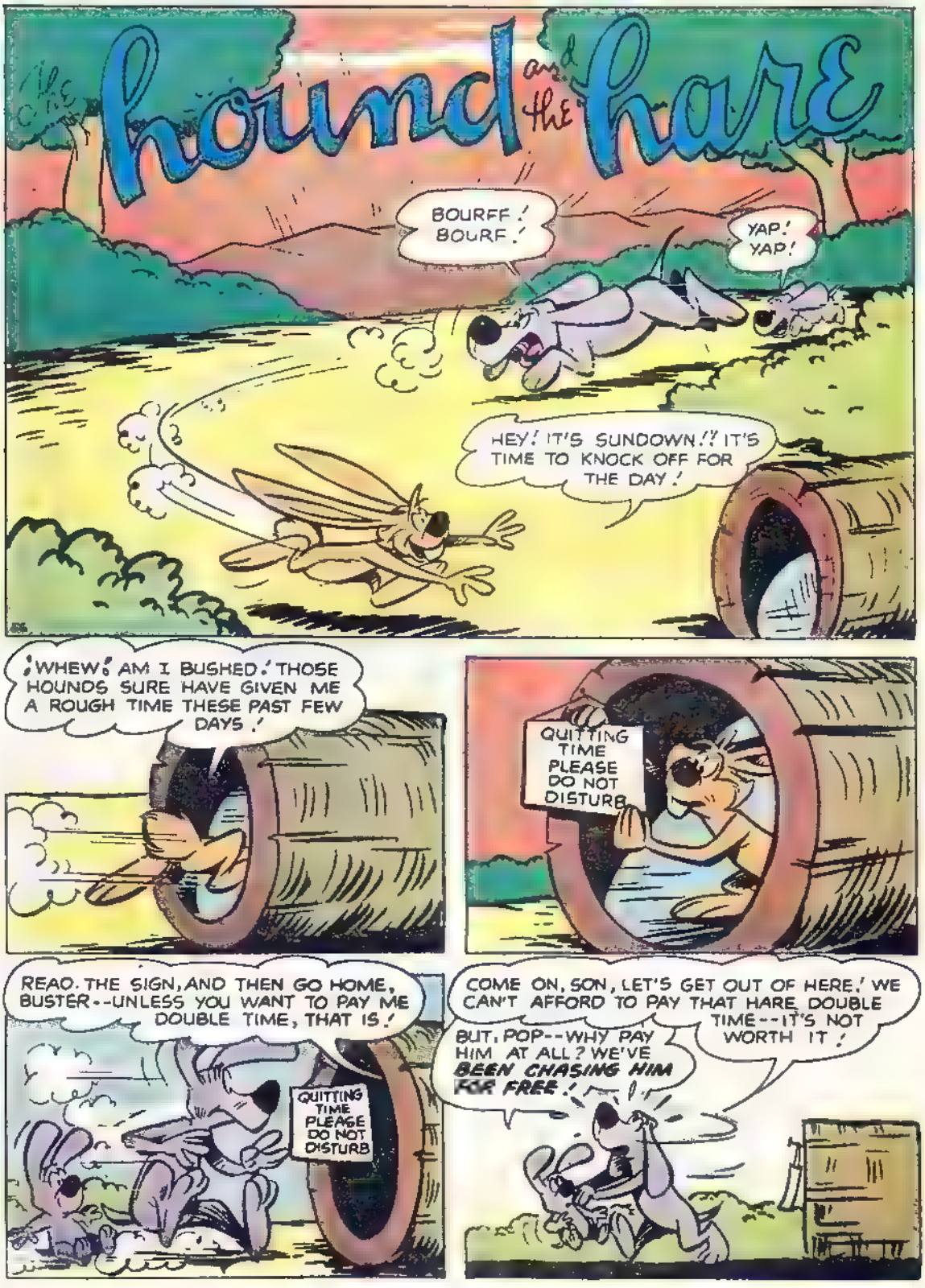
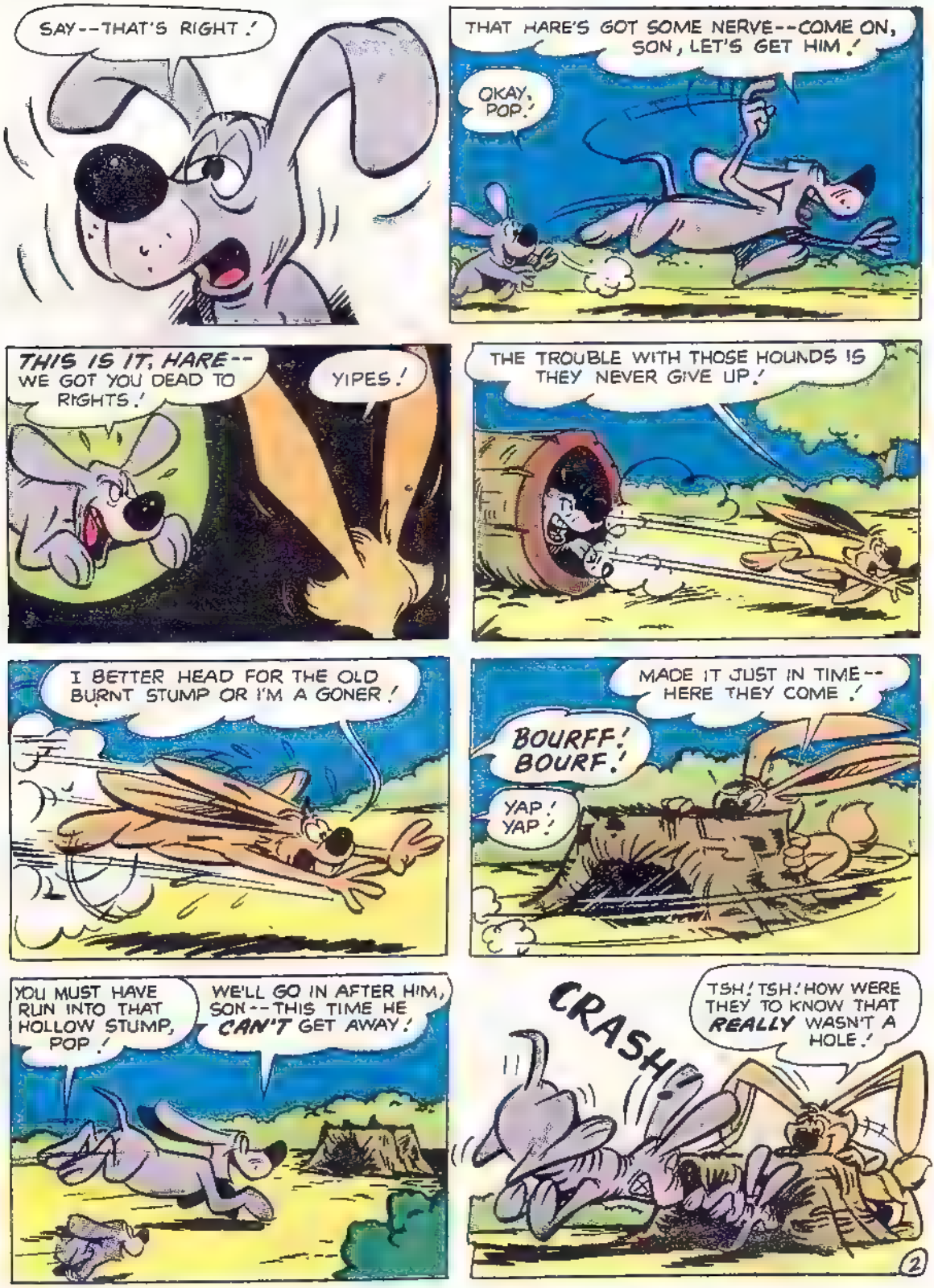
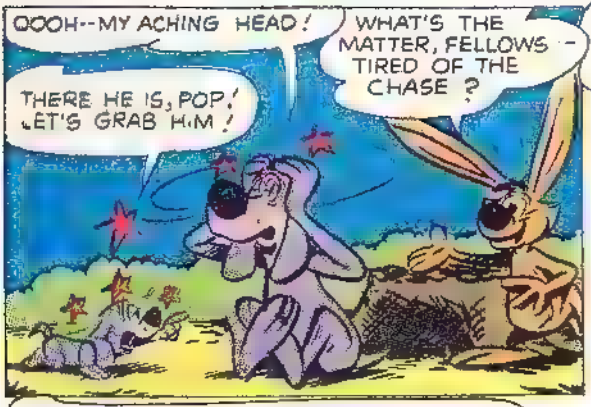
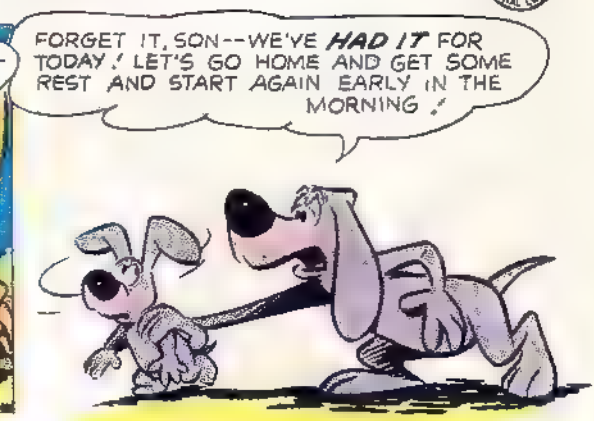
GOOD FOR ALL WEEKDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING PERFORMANCES AND *SATURDAY AND SUNDAY EVENING PERFORMANCES ONLY!*

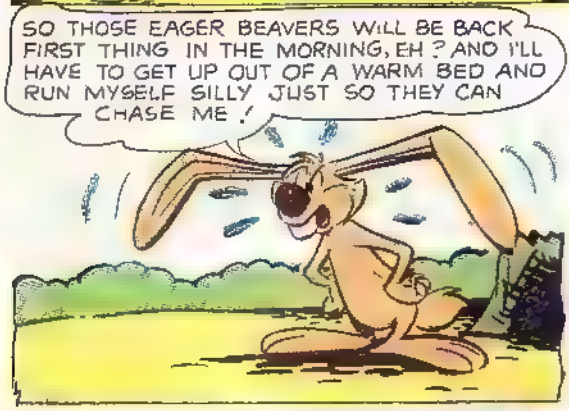

The hound and the hare
BOURFF! BOURF!
YAP! YAP!
HEY! IT'S SUNDOWN!? IT'S TIME TO KNOCK OFF FOR THE DAY!
WHEW! AM I BUSHED! THOSE HOUNDS SURE HAVE GIVEN ME A ROUGH TIME THESE PAST FEW DAYS!
QUITTING TIME PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB
READ THE SIGN, AND THEN GO HOME, BUSTER--UNLESS YOU WANT TO PAY ME DOUBLE TIME, THAT IS!
QUITTING TIME PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB
COME ON, SON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY THAT HARE DOUBLE TIME--IT'S NOT WORTH IT!
BUT, POP--WHY PAY HIM AT ALL? WE'VE BEEN CHASING HIM FOR FREE!

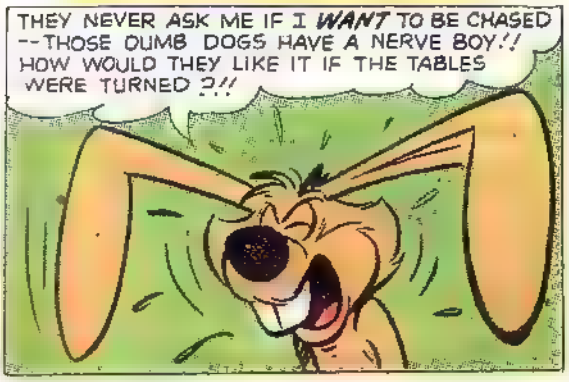

SAY--THAT'S RIGHT!
THAT HARE'S GOT SOME NERVE--COME ON, SON, LET'S GET HIM!
OKAY, POP!
THIS IS IT, HARE-- WE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS!
YIPES!
THE TROUBLE WITH THOSE HOUNDS IS THEY NEVER GIVE UP!
I BETTER HEAD FOR THE OLD BURNT STUMP OR I'M A GONER!
MADE IT JUST IN TIME-- HERE THEY COME!
BOURFF! BOURF!
YAP! YAP!
YOU MUST HAVE RUN INTO THAT HOLLOW STUMP, POP!
WE'LL GO IN AFTER HIM, SON--THIS TIME HE CAN'T GET AWAY!
CRASH!
TSH! TSH! HOW WERE THEY TO KNOW THAT REALLY WASN'T A HOLE!
2

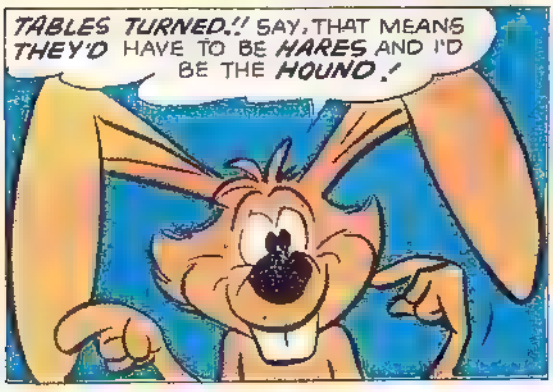
FOX & CROW

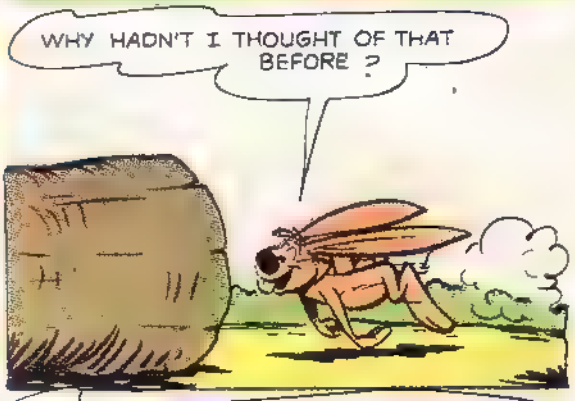

OOOH--MY ACHING HEAD!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FELLOWS - TIRED OF THE CHASE ?
THERE HE IS, POP! LET'S GRAB HIM!

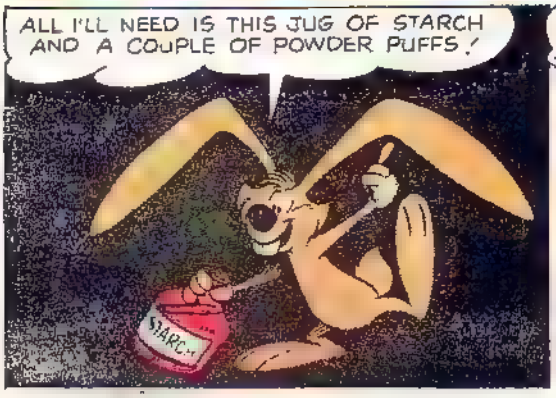

FORGET IT, SON--WE'VE HAD IT FOR TODAY! LET'S GO HOME AND GET SOME REST AND START AGAIN EARLY IN THE MORNING!


SO THOSE EAGER BEAVERS WILL BE BACK FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, EH ? AND I'LL HAVE TO GET UP OUT OF A WARM BED AND RUN MYSELF SILLY JUST SO THEY CAN CHASE ME!


THEY NEVER ASK ME IF I WANT TO BE CHASED --THOSE DUMB DOGS HAVE A NERVE BOY!! HOW WOULD THEY LIKE IT IF THE TABLES WERE TURNED ?!!

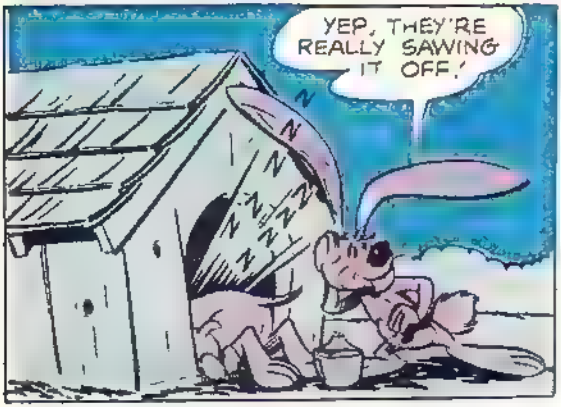

TABLES TURNED!! SAY, THAT MEANS THEY'D HAVE TO BE HARES AND I'D BE THE HOUND!


WHY HADN'T I THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE ?


ALL I'LL NEED IS THIS JUG OF STARCH AND A COUPLE OF POWDER PUFFS!
STARCH

NOW TO GET OVER TO THOSE DOGS' DIGGIN'S -- THEY'LL BE DEAD TO THE WORLD AFTER THE WORKOUT THEY HAD TODAY!

FOX & CROW


YEP, THEY'RE REALLY SAWING IT OFF!
N
N
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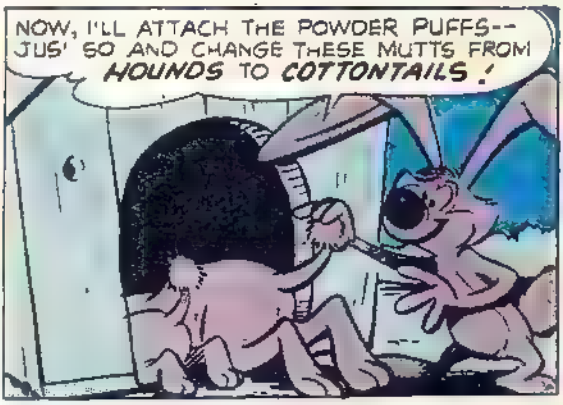
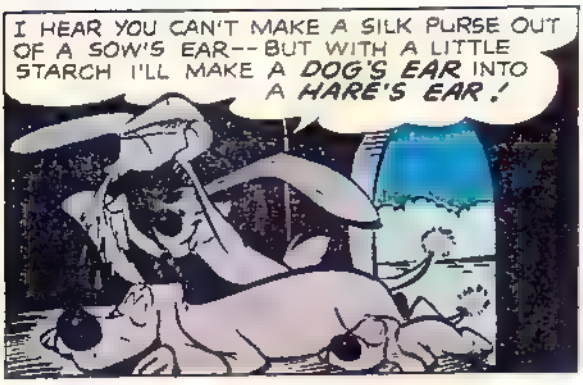
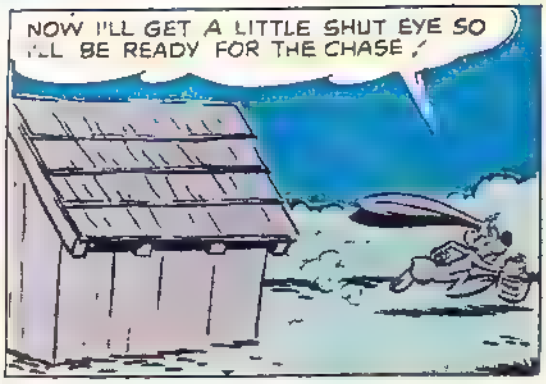
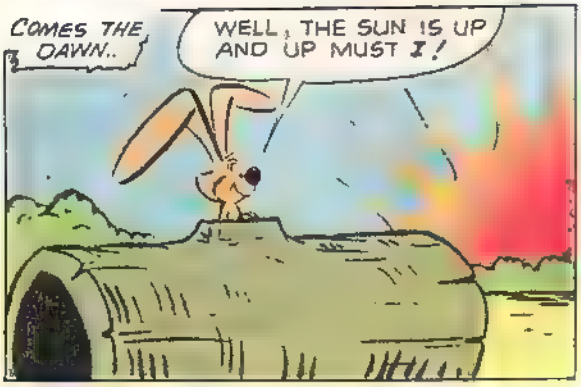
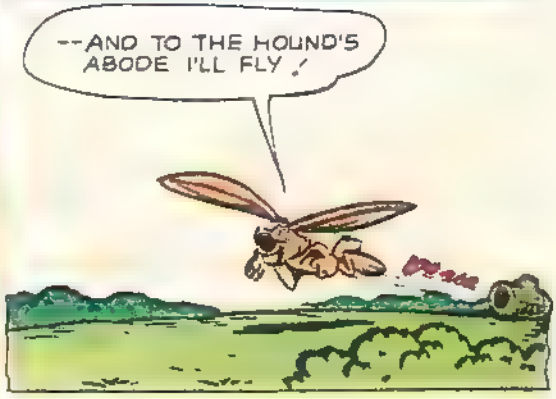
ZZZZ

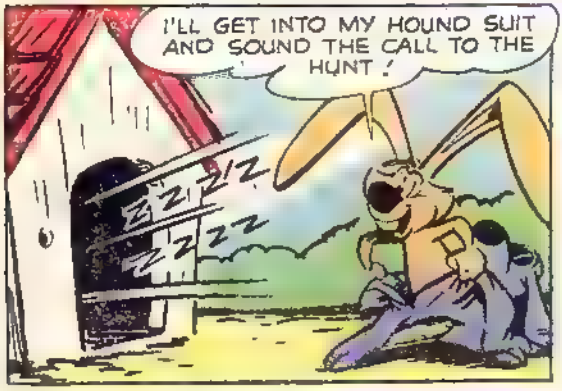

NOW, I'LL ATTACH THE POWDER PUFFS-- JUS' SO AND CHANGE THESE MUTTS FROM HOUNDS TO COTTONTAILS!

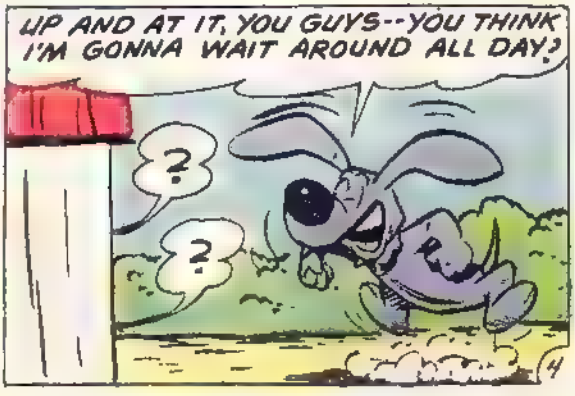

I HEAR YOU CAN'T MAKE A SILK PURSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR-- BUT WITH A LITTLE STARCH I'LL MAKE A DOG'S EAR INTO A HARE'S EAR!

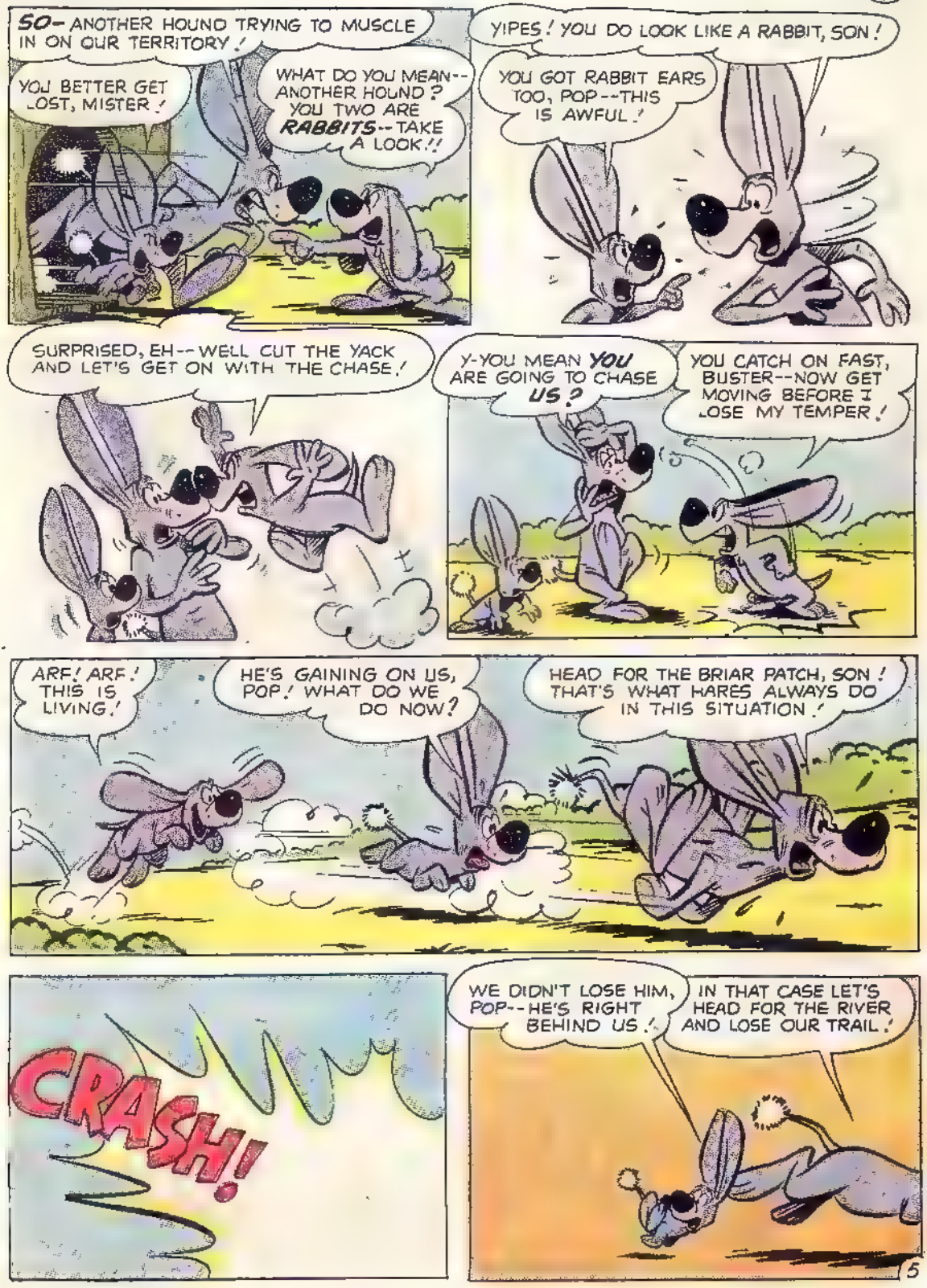

NOW I'LL GET A LITTLE SHUT EYE SO I'LL BE READY FOR THE CHASE!

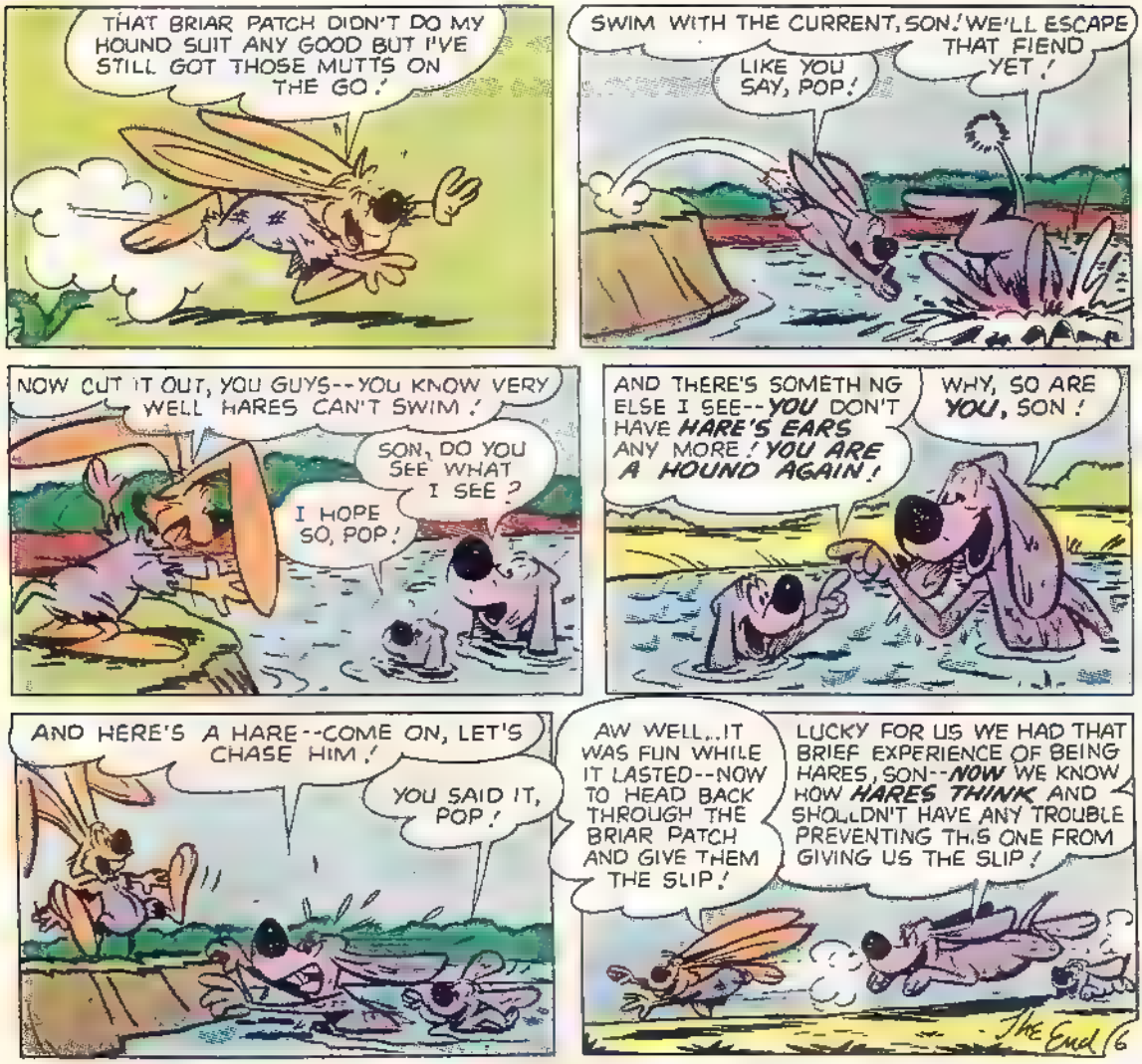

COMES THE DAWN..
WELL, THE SUN IS UP AND UP MUST I!


--AND TO THE HOUND'S ABODE I'LL FLY!
PFFFFF

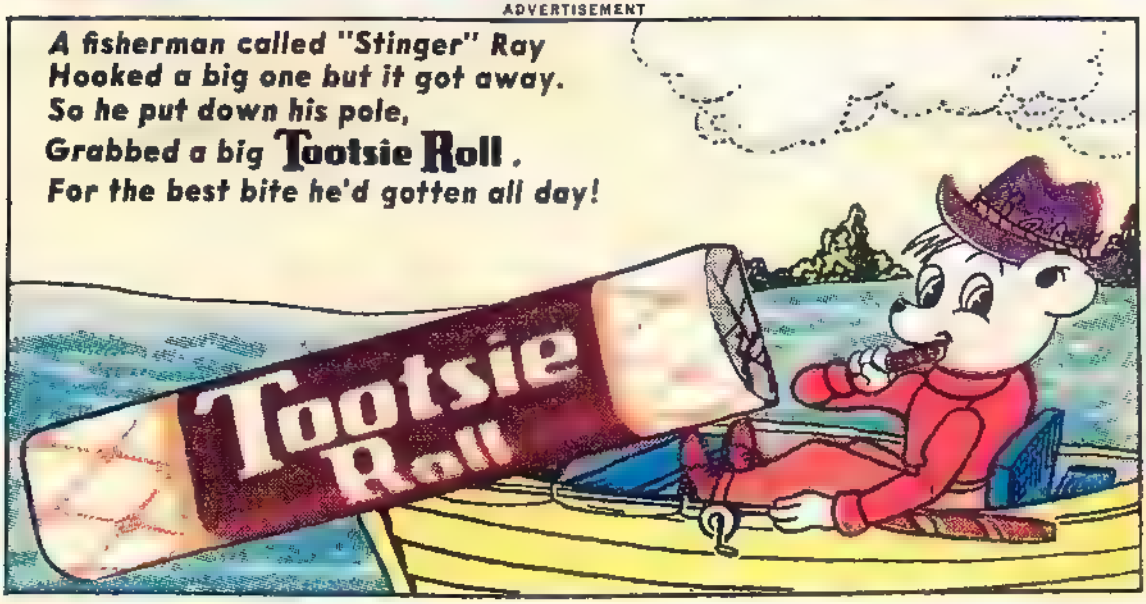

I'LL GET INTO MY HOUND SUIT AND SOUND THE CALL TO THE HUNT!
ZZZZZ
ZZZZ


UP AND AT IT, YOU GUYS--YOU THINK I'M GONNA WAIT AROUND ALL DAY?
?
?
4


SO- ANOTHER HOUND TRYING TO MUSCLE IN ON OUR TERRITORY!
YOU BETTER GET LOST, MISTER!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- ANOTHER HOUND? YOU TWO ARE RABBITS-- TAKE A LOOK!!
YIPES! YOU DO LOOK LIKE A RABBIT, SON!
YOU GOT RABBIT EARS TOO, POP--THIS IS AWFUL!
SURPRISED, EH--WELL CUT THE YACK AND LET'S GET ON WITH THE CHASE!
Y-YOU MEAN YOU ARE GOING TO CHASE US?
YOU CATCH ON FAST, BUSTER--NOW GET MOVING BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!
ARF! ARF! THIS IS LIVING!
HE'S GAINING ON US, POP! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
HEAD FOR THE BRIAR PATCH, SON! THAT'S WHAT HARES ALWAYS DO IN THIS SITUATION!
CRASH!
WE DIDN'T LOSE HIM, POP--HE'S RIGHT BEHIND US!
IN THAT CASE LET'S HEAD FOR THE RIVER AND LOSE OUR TRAIL!


THAT BRIAR PATCH DIDN'T DO MY HOUND SUIT ANY GOOD BUT I'VE STILL GOT THOSE MUTTS ON THE GO!
SWIM WITH THE CURRENT, SON! WE'LL ESCAPE THAT FIEND YET!
LIKE YOU SAY, POP!
NOW CUT IT OUT, YOU GUYS--YOU KNOW VERY WELL HARES CAN'T SWIM!
SON, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
I HOPE SO, POP!
AND THERE'S SOMETH NG ELSE I SEE--YOU DON'T HAVE HARE'S EARS ANY MORE! YOU ARE A HOUND AGAIN!
WHY, SO ARE YOU, SON!
AND HERE'S A HARE--COME ON, LET'S CHASE HIM!
YOU SAID IT, POP!
AW WELL..IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED--NOW TO HEAD BACK THROUGH THE BRIAR PATCH AND GIVE THEM THE SLIP!
LUCKY FOR US WE HAD THAT BRIEF EXPERIENCE OF BEING HARES, SON--NOW WE KNOW HOW HARES THINK AND SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE PREVENTING THIS ONE FROM GIVING US THE SLIP!
THE End 16

ADVERTISEMENT


A fisherman called "Stinger" Ray
Hooked a big one but it got away.
So he put down his pole,
Grabbed a big Tootsie Roll.
For the best bite he'd gotten all day!
Tootsie Roll

GIL'S DISCOVERY

"OH shucks!" said Gil Gopher. "I've gone and done it again!"

It was the fifth time that day that, while he was digging holes in the ground, he'd gotten himself all black and sticky. Gil stepped away from the oozing puddle he'd dug. Splattering the sticky stuff behind him as he ran, he rushed down to the edge of his yard. There in his private pond he swam and splashed until he was clean again.

Gil had promised himself never to dig again. He was in no mood to get himself all black and sticky for a *sixth* time. But after he sat around for several hours without digging, his paws seemed to be itching. He felt that if he didn't dig just one more hole, he couldn't stand it. After all, he decided, what good was a gopher who didn't dig? Gophers were *born* to dig. So Gil began to dig again. His two front paws scooped up the dirt and threw it backwards under his body. Out flew the dirt through his two back legs. In this way Gil was usually able to collect a nice pile of dirt behind him, which he then pushed in front of him with his nose to build things. But *this* time . . .

"HEY!" a voice shrieked angrily. "QUIT IT!"

Gil looked around. He didn't see anything. So he shrugged and started digging again. But again, as he threw the dug-up dirt down backwards through his hind legs, the voice yelled again. This time it sounded muffled. "*Hey! I said quit it!*"

"Who, me?" asked Gil Gopher.

"Yeah, you," came the muffled reply.

"Quit what?"

"Quit burying me!"

Then for the first time Gil noticed that beneath the mound of dirt he'd tossed behind him, something was wiggling to get free. Quickly Gil brushed away the dirt. A tiny mouse emerged, dirty and very mad.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Gil said.

"You *should* be, you stupid oaf!" the mouse shrieked. And he kept on shouting at Gil until the gopher decided the only thing he could do was to ignore him. Back to his digging went Gil, with the mouse shrieking and hollering beside him. But no sooner had he begun to dig than it happened again! Black sticky stuff bubbled up from the hole. It got all over him.

"Ha ha ha!" laughed the mouse, jumping up and down with glee. "Serves you right, serves you right! Now *you* see how it feels to get all dirty! Ha ha!"

Gil started for the pond to clean up again. The mouse followed him, laughing and shrieking. When Oliver Owl flew by, the mouse screamed up to him, "Look! Look at the silly old gopher, all black and sticky! Isn't he a mess? Ha ha."

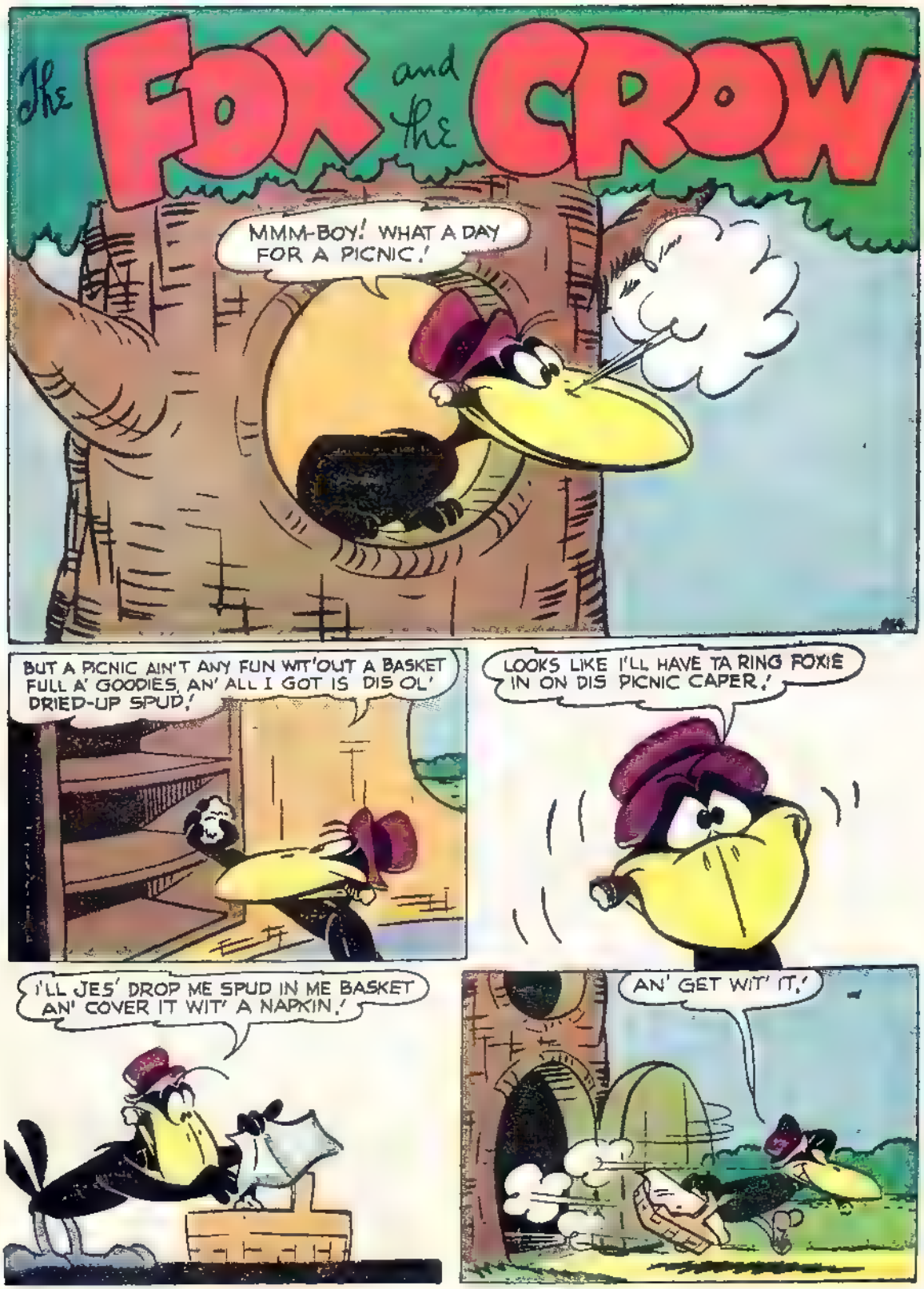
Gil was terribly embarrassed. He dove deep into the pond to hide his blushing face. But when he came to the surface, he saw the owl standing there staring at him. And Oliver Owl wasn't laughing.

"Well, well," Oliver was saying, over and over again. "Well, well, well, well, well!"

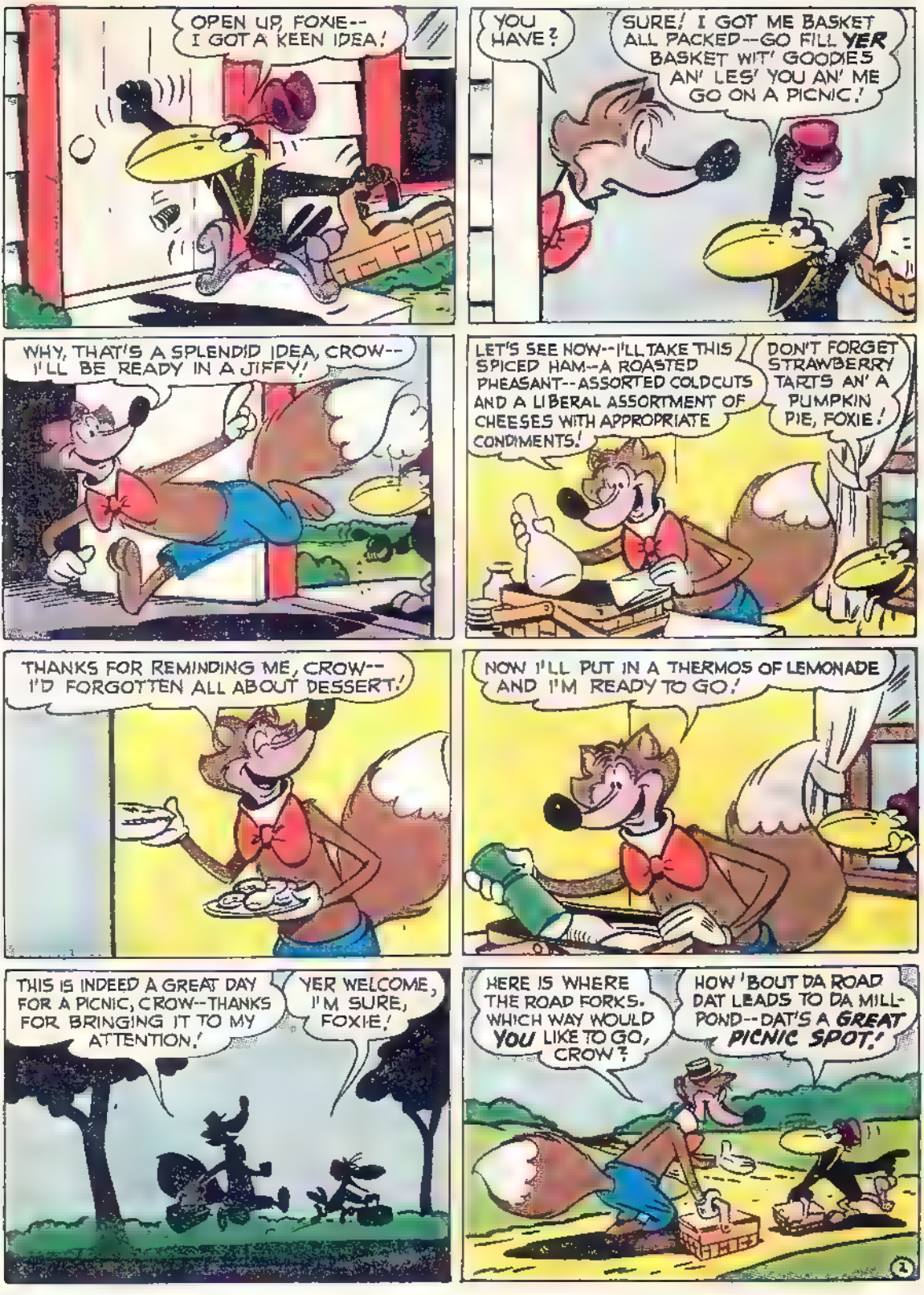
"Well *what?*" shrieked the mouse, angry that the owl had not joined him in teasing Gil.

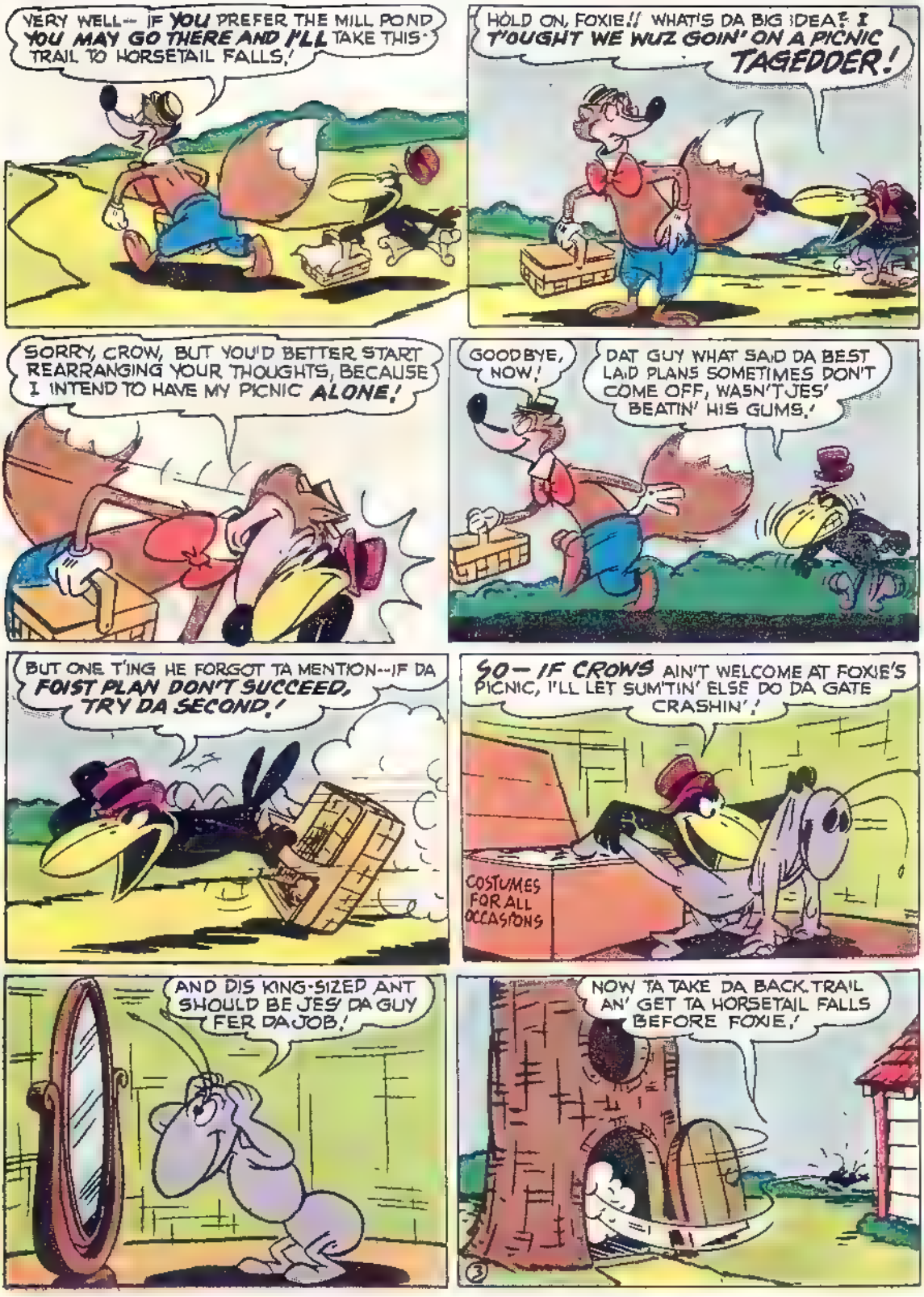
"Well," said Oliver to Gil, ignoring the mean little mouse, "Well, I see you've found *oil* on your property. You're *oil-rich*, Gil. Congratulations, you lucky millionaire!"

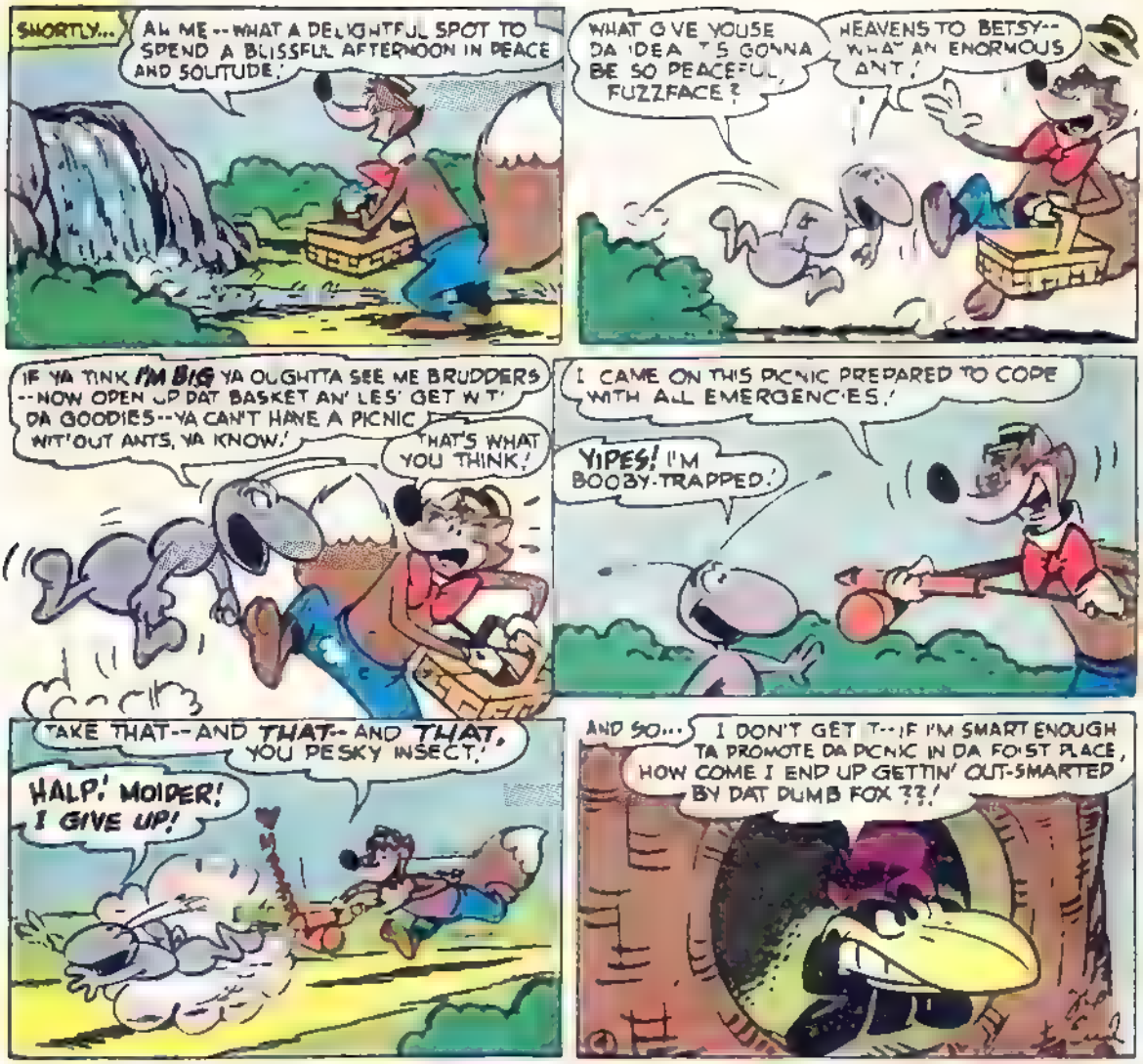
The mouse stole away so quietly, he didn't even see Gil Gopher faint!


The FOX and the CROW
MMM-BOY! WHAT A DAY FOR A PICNIC!
BUT A PICNIC AIN'T ANY FUN WIT'OUT A BASKET FULL A' GOODIES, AN' ALL I GOT IS DIS OL' DRIED-UP SPUD!
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TA RING FOXIE IN ON DIS PICNIC CAPER!
I'LL JES' DROP ME SPUD IN ME BASKET AN' COVER IT WIT' A NAPKIN!
AN' GET WIT' IT!

FOX & CROW


OPEN UP, FOXIE--
I GOT A KEEN IDEA!
YOU HAVE?
SURE! I GOT ME BASKET ALL PACKED--GO FILL YER BASKET WIT' GOODIES AN' LES' YOU AN' ME GO ON A PICNIC!
WHY, THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA, CROW--
I'LL BE READY IN A JIFFY!
LET'S SEE NOW--I'LL TAKE THIS SPICED HAM--A ROASTED PHEASANT--ASSORTED COLDCUTS AND A LIBERAL ASSORTMENT OF CHEESES WITH APPROPRIATE CONDIMENTS!
DON'T FORGET STRAWBERRY TARTS AN' A PUMPKIN PIE, FOXIE!
THANKS FOR REMINDING ME, CROW--
I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT DESSERT!
NOW I'LL PUT IN A THERMOS OF LEMONADE AND I'M READY TO GO!
THIS IS INDEED A GREAT DAY FOR A PICNIC, CROW--THANKS FOR BRINGING IT TO MY ATTENTION!
YER WELCOME, I'M SURE, FOXIE!
HERE IS WHERE THE ROAD FORKS. WHICH WAY WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO, CROW?
HOW 'BOUT DA ROAD DAT LEADS TO DA MILL-POND--DAT'S A GREAT PICNIC SPOT!
2


VERY WELL-- IF YOU PREFER THE MILL POND YOU MAY GO THERE AND I'LL TAKE THIS TRAIL TO HORSETAIL FALLS.'
HOLD ON, FOXIE!! WHAT'S DA BIG IDEA?! I T'OUGHT WE WUZ GOIN' ON A PICNIC TAGEDDER!
SORRY, CROW, BUT YOU'D BETTER START REARRANGING YOUR THOUGHTS, BECAUSE I INTEND TO HAVE MY PICNIC ALONE!
GOODBYE, NOW.!
DAT GUY WHAT SAID DA BEST LAID PLANS SOMETIMES DON'T COME OFF, WASN'T JES' BEATIN' HIS GUMS.'
BUT ONE T'ING HE FORGOT TA MENTION--IF DA FOIST PLAN DON'T SUCCEED, TRY DA SECOND.'
SO-- IF CROWS AIN'T WELCOME AT FOXIE'S PICNIC, I'LL LET SUM'TIN' ELSE DO DA GATE CRASHIN'.'
COSTUMES FOR ALL OCCASIONS
AND DIS KING-SIZED ANT SHOULD BE JES' DA GUY FER DA JOB.'
NOW TA TAKE DA BACK TRAIL AN' GET TA HORSETAIL FALLS BEFORE FOXIE.'
3


SHORTLY...
AH ME -- WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SPOT TO SPEND A BLISSFUL AFTERNOON IN PEACE AND SOLITUDE!
WHAT G'VE YOUSE DA IDEA T'S GONNA BE SO PEACEFUL, FUZZFACE?
HEAVENS TO BETSY-- WHAT AN ENORMOUS ANT!
IF YA TINK I'M BIG YA OUGHTTA SEE ME BRUDDERS -- NOW OPEN UP DAT BASKET AN' LES' GET W'T' DA GOODIES -- YA CAN'T HAVE A PICNIC WIT'OUT ANTS, YA KNOW!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
I CAME ON THIS PICNIC PREPARED TO COPE WITH ALL EMERGENC'ES.
YIPES! I'M BOOBY-TRAPPED!
TAKE THAT -- AND THAT -- AND THAT, YOU PESKY INSECT!
HALP! MOIDER! I GIVE UP!
AND SO...
I DON'T GET T' -- IF I'M SMART ENOUGH TA PROMOTE DA PICNIC IN DA FO'ST PLACE, HOW COME I END UP GETTIN' OUT-SMARTED BY DAT DUMB FOX ??!

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On the links is an outstanding star.
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Have a Tootsie Roll POP,
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1

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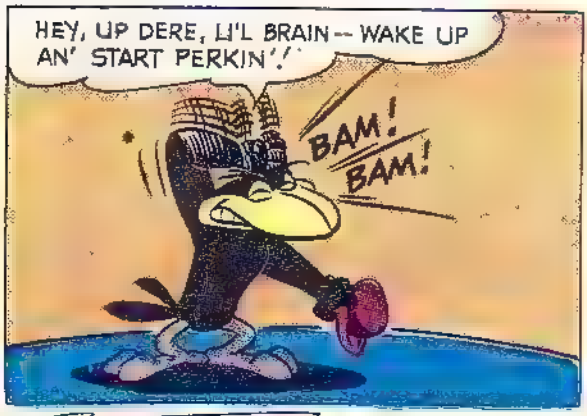
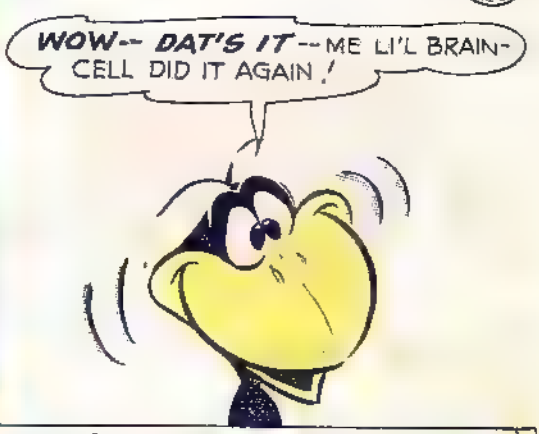
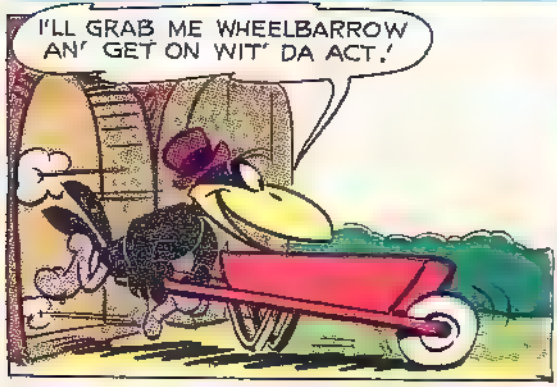
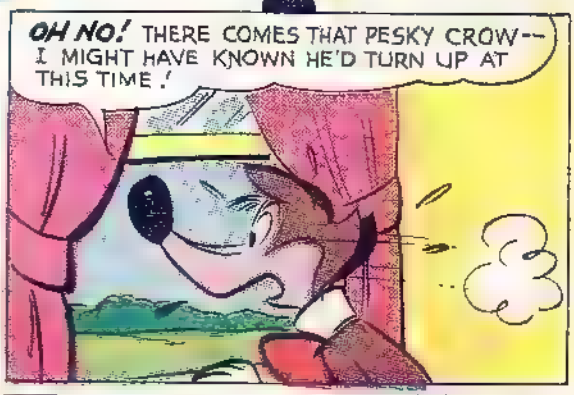
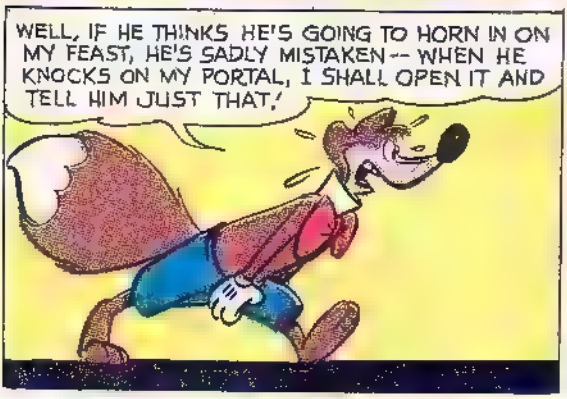
The FOX and the CROW
AH! MY REPAST IS COMPLETE! FIRST I'LL HAVE FRUIT-CUP HAWAIIAN— THEN CRAB-MEAT COCKTAIL -- FILLET OF BEEF WITH TRUFFLE SAUCE AND ASSORTED VEGETABLES AND SALADS.'
554
AND TOP IT ALL OFF WITH THIS CLOUD-LIGHT CREAM PIE.'
I'VE SPENT THE ENTIRE DAY PREPARING THIS FEAST, BUT IT WILL BE WORTH EVERY MINUTE I SPENT-- NOW TO LIGHT THE CANDLES AND ENJOY THE FRUITS OF MY EFFORTS.'
AIN'T DAT DISGUSTIN'?!! FOXIE'S JES' ABOUT TA SET DOWN AT DAT GROANIN' BOARD AN' MAKE A PIG A' HISSELF.'
AN' HERE I AM ON DA OUTSIDE LOOKIN' IN.'-- IF I KNOW FOXIE HE AIN'T ABOUT TA LET ME SHARE DA GOODIES... SO I GOT TA PUT ME LI'L CROW-TYPE MIND TA WOIK ON A WAY TA OUTFOX FOXIE.'

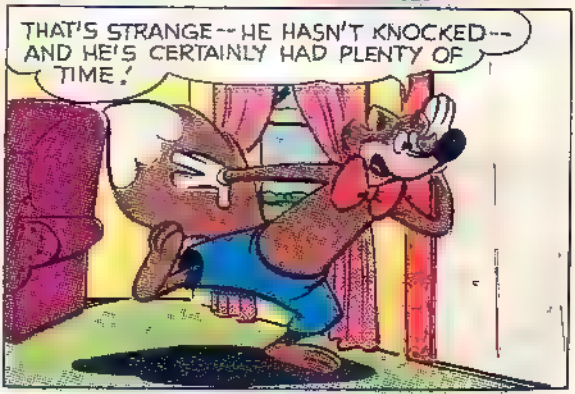

HEY, UP DERE, LI'L BRAIN -- WAKE UP AN' START PERKIN'!
BAM!
BAM!

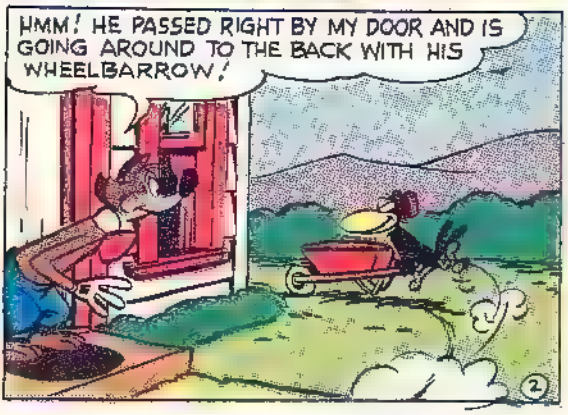

WOW-- DAT'S IT -- ME LI'L BRAIN-CELL DID IT AGAIN!

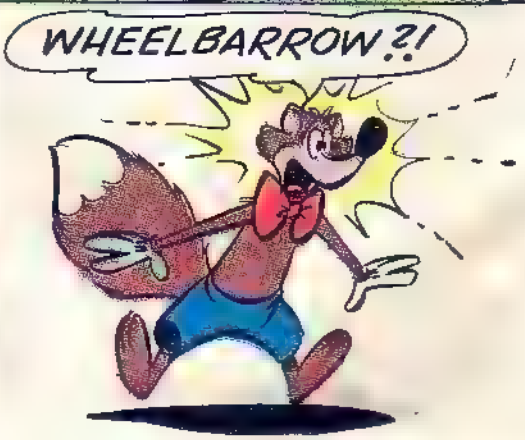

I'LL GRAB ME WHEELBARROW AN' GET ON WIT' DA ACT.!

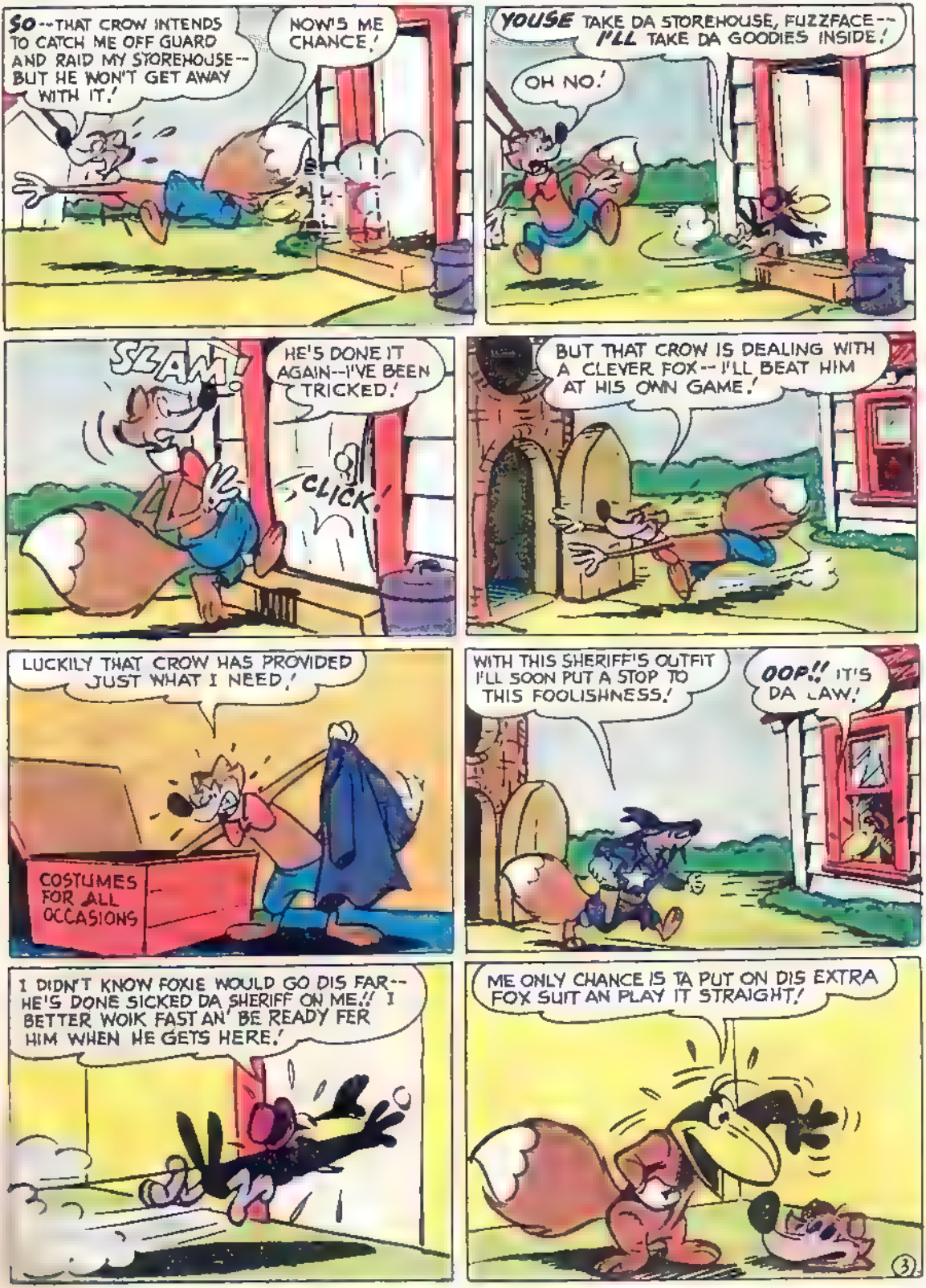

OH NO! THERE COMES THAT PESKY CROW-- I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN HE'D TURN UP AT THIS TIME!

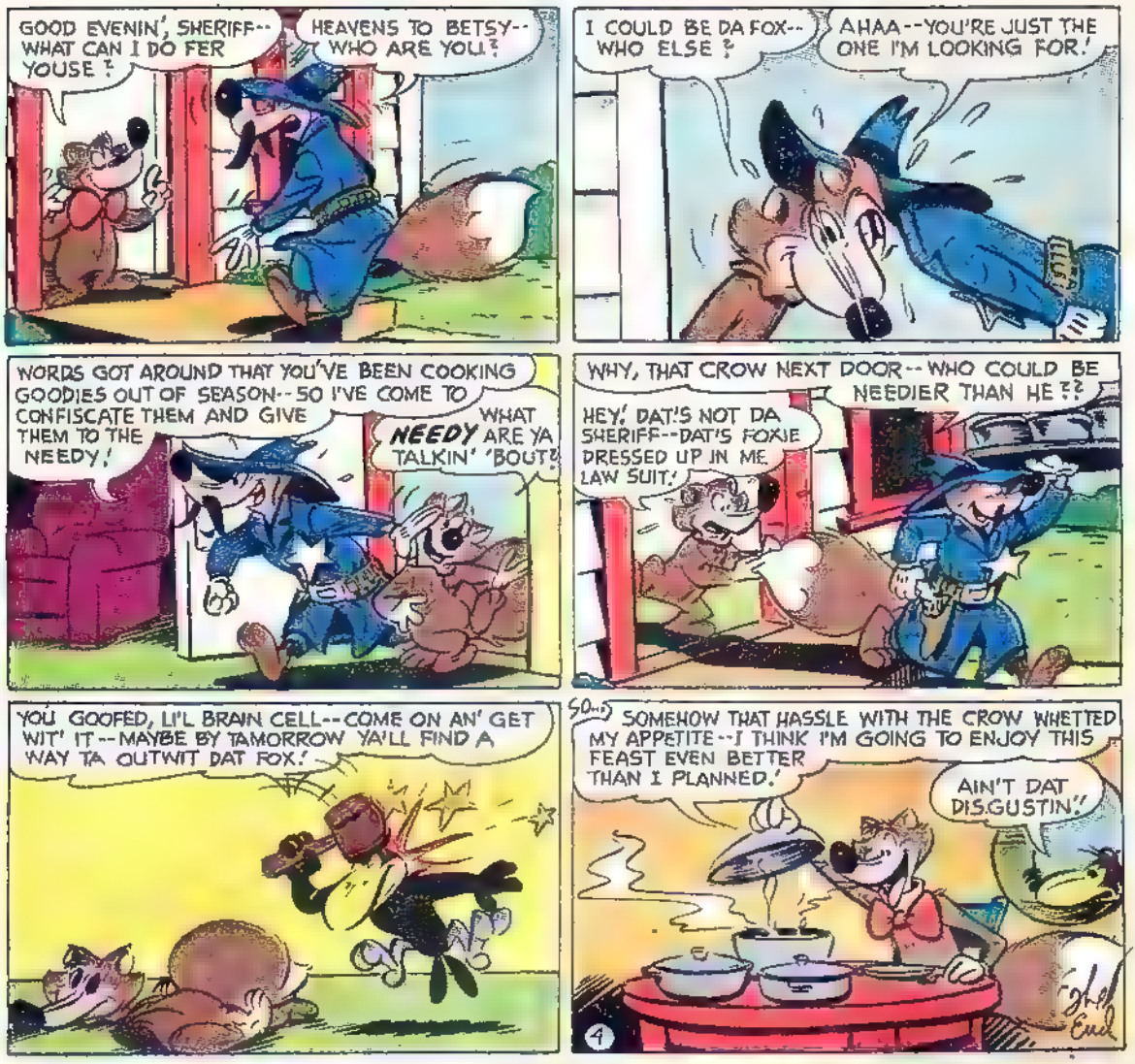

WELL, IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO HORN IN ON MY FEAST, HE'S SADLY MISTAKEN -- WHEN HE KNOCKS ON MY PORTAL, I SHALL OPEN IT AND TELL HIM JUST THAT!


THAT'S STRANGE -- HE HASN'T KNOCKED -- AND HE'S CERTAINLY HAD PLENTY OF TIME!


HMM! HE PASSED RIGHT BY MY DOOR AND IS GOING AROUND TO THE BACK WITH HIS WHEELBARROW!
2


WHEELBARROW?!


SO--THAT CROW INTENDS TO CATCH ME OFF GUARD AND RAID MY STOREHOUSE--BUT HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!
NOW'S ME CHANCE!
YOUSE TAKE DA STOREHOUSE, FUZZFACE--I'LL TAKE DA GOODIES INSIDE!
OH NO!
SLAM!
HE'S DONE IT AGAIN--I'VE BEEN TRICKED!
CLICK!
BUT THAT CROW IS DEALING WITH A CLEVER FOX--I'LL BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME!
LUCKILY THAT CROW HAS PROVIDED JUST WHAT I NEED!
COSTUMES FOR ALL OCCASIONS
WITH THIS SHERIFF'S OUTFIT I'LL SOON PUT A STOP TO THIS FOOLISHNESS!
OOP!! IT'S DA LAW!
I DIDN'T KNOW FOXIE WOULD GO DIS FAR--HE'S DONE SICKED DA SHERIFF ON ME!! I BETTER WOIK FAST AN' BE READY FER HIM WHEN HE GETS HERE!
ME ONLY CHANCE IS TA PUT ON DIS EXTRA FOX SUIT AN PLAY IT STRAIGHT!


GOOD EVENIN', SHERIFF-- WHAT CAN I DO FER YOUSE?
HEAVENS TO BETSY-- WHO ARE YOU?
I COULD BE DA FOX-- WHO ELSE?
AHAA--YOU'RE JUST THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR!
WORDS GOT AROUND THAT YOU'VE BEEN COOKING GOODIES OUT OF SEASON--SO I'VE COME TO CONFISCATE THEM AND GIVE THEM TO THE NEEDY!
WHAT NEEDY ARE YA TALKIN' 'BOUT?
WHY, THAT CROW NEXT DOOR--WHO COULD BE NEEDIER THAN HE??
HEY! DAT'S NOT DA SHERIFF--DAT'S FOXIE DRESSED UP IN ME LAW SUIT!
YOU GOOFED, LI'L BRAIN CELL--COME ON AN' GET WIT' IT--MAYBE BY TAMORROW YA'LL FIND A WAY TA OUTWIT DAT FOX!
SO...
SOMEHOW THAT HASSLE WITH THE CROW WHETTED MY APPETITE--I THINK I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS FEAST EVEN BETTER THAN I PLANNED!
AIN'T DAT DISGUSTIN'!
4
The End

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I eat Tootsie Roll Fudge
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1¢ Tootsie Roll Fudge

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Just cock the firing mechanism, load the cap and you're ready! Imagine — you're a marine creeping up on that machine-gun nest, your grenade is in your hand. You creep close, low. Now you're in range, you pull the safety pin with your teeth and throw! Bull's eye, right into the nest. Blast! The machine gun flies out broken. Now silence. Your buddies cheer — the advance starts up again!

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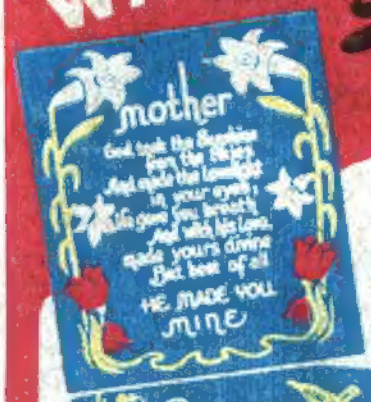

CHILDS PRAYER
Now I Lay me down To Sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should Die before I Wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take

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Dept. 9-NCR-6, Littleton, N. H.

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